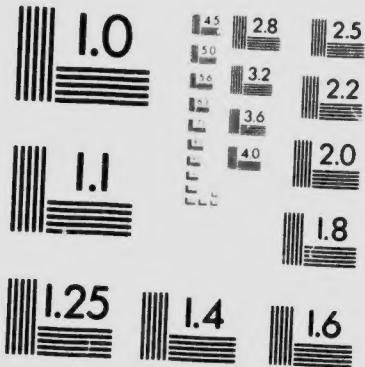


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FIRST SERIES

FRIENDS OF THE MISSIONS

# FOR THE MISSIONS THE APOSTOLATE IN AFRICA

"GO AND TEACH"



PRICE : 25 CENTS

THE MODEL PRINT SHOP, QUEBEC



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1911

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NIHIL OBSTAT

O E. MATHIEU

CENSOR DEPUTATUS

IMPRIMATUR

† L. N. BEGIN

ARCH. OF QUEBEC

QUEBEC, JUNE 26TH, 1911

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Letter from Mgr. Mathieu, P. A., formerly Superior of the Seminary  
of Quebec, and formerly Rector of Laval University.

TO THE AUTHORS OF "FOR THE MISSIONS"

"THE APOSTOLATE IN AFRICA."

GENTLEMEN,

It was a kind thought on your part to send me a copy of the nice little volume which the noble desire to do good has instigated you to publish. I read it at once with as much interest as pleasure. I sincerely hope to see it circulated among our good Catholic families, where, thank God, there are still many who know how to appreciate noble sentiments and generous thoughts.

What a happy idea it was of yours to publish the letters of those young girls, those young men,—our compatriots—who have had the courage to enter into communities, where they learn how to die for the name, the glory and the love of God, who, imbued with the zeal of the apostles and the courage of the martyrs, have left us to carry to the savage tribes of Africa the truths of the Gospel and the seeds of civilization.

These letters reveal the greatness of the work in which these compatriots so worthy of our admiration are engaged.

And how good it is to read between the lines the happiness enjoyed by the writers.

Joubert said: "I salute happiness because it is so rare." The readers of this little volume will do better: they will salute happiness because it is deserved.

They will above all be incited to thank God for their birth in a country flooded by the lights of that faith, which has been for us all a source of blessing, which has illuminated and warmed us from our early youth.

May all those missionaries continue to serve God in the persons of these poor infidels! Their devotedness will ascend daily towards heaven like a sweet-smelling incense to turn away all storms from us, who have known and who remain attached to them, and to bring down upon us the most genial and salutary dews.

I thank you for the pleasure you have given me in affording me the opportunity to peruse this little volume, which you have decided to sell at a very low price in order that it may do to a multitude of others the good it has done me.

Believe me to be, Gentlemen,

Yours Very Truly,

O. E. MATHIEU, Priest.

**Letter from the Revd. John A. Hanley, C. SS. R.**

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ST. PATRICK'S, (JUNE 30th, 1911.)

DEAR MISSION HELPERS,

It certainly was a splendid idea on your part to have these annals (as I may well call them) translated into English to increase their circulation and to bring home to the minds of the people of the world what the soldier (men and women) of the army of Christ are doing in far-off lands. To-day more than ever, the world needs a high ideal to tear it away from its own selfishness and love of ease. The world will find that sublime ideal in the self-sacrificing lives of the youths and maidens who have sprung forward at the clarion call of the Vicar of Christ to rescue those who still live in the ancient superstition of the Pagans. New France vies with Old France, but New France makes, I venture to say, greater sacrifices. It is a holy rivalry in which old French, Irish, Germans, Belgians etc., engage for the greater honor and glory of God and for the salvation of souls.

May the outpourings of these soldiers of Jesus Christ inspire legions of others to walk in their footsteps!

With earnest prayers for your success,

Sincerely Yours,

JOHN A. HANLEY, C. SS. R.

Rector St. Patrick's, Quebec.

## PREFACE

---

*It has been deemed advisable to give on the following pages a less fugitive form than that of the newspaper article which is only read to be soon forgotten amid the many distractions of daily life.*

*In the more attractive and durable shape of a pamphlet, the impression which it will produce will have a chance to prove greater and more lasting. And thus, the original object of this publication, which was to promote a work of propaganda and to draw attention to the importance of aiding the African Missions, will be more surely attained.*

*This aid will—we hope—extend also in a substantial way to the other missions in the Canadian Northwest, in China, Japan and the world at large.*

*Old France has been and still is the best support and the greatest provider of all these undertakings. Why should not New France be fired with the noble ambition to follow closely in her footsteps?*

*The pregnant thoughts, the illustrations so suggestively portraying human wretchedness and the charity that provides relief for it; the excellence of these works of humanity, of civilization, of apostleship achieved by men and by noble women belonging to our own race, and some of whom we have personally known, described in this pamphlet and placed under the kindling eyes of a host of readers, will have a better chance to germinate, grow and bear abundant fruit.*

*We have mentioned other missions in which it would be fitting and even necessary to interest ourselves,*

*To some, the task will no doubt seem excessive and onerous.*

*But, before pronouncing definitely on the subject, it should not be forgotten that whether they are in Africa, the Canadian West, China or Japan, &c., all men are our brethren. Consequently, the sweet precept upon which the Apostle St-John so lovingly expatiated in the preaching of his closing years, applies also to all men, be they white, yellow or black, and whether they dwell in near or remote regions.*

*As for the onerous side, we may remark that it is not a question of imposing a heavy contribution upon any one, but simply to appeal for a*

little good will. Reflection will show that all, or nearly all of us, indulge in many useless and even harmful expenditures.

To those who would hesitate at increasing their ordinary outlays, we would say that, rather than remain deaf to such an appeal, they can still, by an impartial revision of their expenses, which would enable them to effect relatively important economies, soon find means to assist so good a work.

Take, for example, all that is spent in smoke, cigars, cigarettes, spirituous liquors, &c. : suppose that a small portion of the fabulous sums thus wasted and totally lost was given instead to philanthropy and charity, see what an immense fund would be surely realized and brought to powerfully contribute to the alleviation of human suffering and to the spreading of the light of truth and civilization.

It is the duty of everyone to reflect on this and to understand the responsibility that devolves upon him in the connection.

Further, to those who have had the idea of getting out this pamphlet, it has seemed possible and advisable to obtain an immediate revenue from it, by selling it, but at so low a price that its circulation will not be impeded—the proceeds of such sales to go in their entirety towards the works of the Revd Missionary Sisters of Africa.

This preface may be concluded by quoting the words of the newspaper which kindly published some of the following pages, recommending them to the attention of its readers :

" We shall shortly begin the publication of a series of articles dealing with the African Missions. These articles and reproductions, replete with instructive and edifying information on those distant regions, should prove interesting. We call special attention to it, because we aim not so much to gratify a more or less idle curiosity as to treat a question, which is, above all, important from the standpoint of humanity and Christianity.

" What befell the seed spoken of in the parable must not happen to that which we shall try to sow in the hearts and souls of the public ; nor, should there be in the circle of our readers soils too rocky to allow it to germinate or too choked with weeds to let it perish after germinating and rising.

" And the same remark applies to those who, after a heedless and superficial perusal, would leave it to fade away and die through frivolity and thoughtlessness.

" But a thousand times happy are the readers, who, like unto the good soil of the Scriptures, will open their hearts to receive this grain of mustard seed, and pondering on it, there cause it to produce one hundred fold."

FRIENDS OF THE MISSIONS.

(Quebec, June 1911.

## OPEN LETTER

TO CANADIAN MEN AND WOMEN ; TO ALL WHO WILL DO  
US THE FAVOR OF READING US.

---

DEAR READERS :—

Has it ever occurred to you to think what a great privilege we enjoy in being born in a Catholic country, blessed with the precious gifts of the faith and a Christian education, surrounded by good examples and abundant sources of grace, by which we can so easily profit?

To know God and how to serve him, which appears to us so simple and easy, nevertheless constitutes for the bulk of mankind a most difficult problem to solve and one which seems to us to be almost incapable of solution by many.

Have you not often said to yourself that we might have been born in a heathen country, in Africa, for instance, the victims of the greatest physical hardships and of a moral wretchedness still more terrible?

Why have we been favored more than others, who would have been better and truer to the grace bestowed upon them?

This is God's secret. But this great privilege, which was a free gift, since we have not in any way deserved it, clearly imposes upon us imperative duties, among others that of helping, within the measure of our power, the diffusion of the Gospel in idolatrous countries.

And what have we done so far to satisfy this obligation? How much do we take each year—we will not say—from our necessary resources, which, after all, would be only the accomplishment of a duty, the expression of a rational and legitimate gratitude, but from our superfluous means?

Alas! how many are there whose contributions to the apostolate are meagre and often altogether null?

Who thinks of the idolators, of the western savages, of the unhappy Africans crushed for centuries under the heel of the most terrible oppression that ever was, the inoffensive prey of a slavery as odious as that of antiquity, a slavery, which we had thought to be banished from the face of the earth, yet which still exists although in much lesser proportions, and steeped in the darkness of a hideous idolatry?

And yet what touching, what irresistible appeals seemingly were made in their behalf, hardly more than a few years ago, by the Apostle of Africa in modern times, Cardinal Lavigerie, of whom the Pope Leo XIII said in a letter addressed to him and dated the 10th November, 1887 :

“The signal services which you have rendered to Africa recommend you so highly that they liken you to the men, who have deserved best of Catholicism and civilization.”

A striking eulogy which placed him on a level with the most illustrious, with St-Bernard and even St-Paul.

Yes, who, amid the pleasures of our egotistical and effeminate life, gives a thought to these unfortunates, who after all are our brothers and whom we are even bound to pity and love all the more because of their enormous woes?

A few privileged souls, a few missionaries fired by zeal for the salvation of their fellow-creatures, a few weak young girls from Quebec and elsewhere, who, renouncing all that life is falsely supposed to hold bright and dear, go to lavish their youth and their strength, all the treasures of their loving and heroic hearts, in the service of these poor forsaken beings

A few charitable souls, who among their other benefactions, do not forget works so forlorn and yet so meritorious.

A few zealous and sympathizing ladies, who meet from time to time in Rampart Street, Quebec, at the home of the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa, commonly called the White Sisters, to take part in their work of procuring altar-linen for the missions and clothing for those poor Africans, who are so wretched that even the poorest amongst us can form no idea of their misery.

Mgr. Lavigerie founded this community of women to second the efforts of the Missionaries, who are known as the White Fathers and who were also established by the illustrious Cardinal. During the past eight years, there has been a Novitiate of this congregation in Quebec, and the Province enjoys the great honor of having supplied 21 professed nuns and 12 novices to this holy order. Whenever their pecuniary resources permit, these nuns follow the Missionary Fathers to the new Missions and to the very centre of Africa. They care for the aged and the sick in hospitals, leper houses and dispensaries, as well as at their homes. They devote themselves especially to the elevation of the native woman, the education of the children and to the civilizing and comforting of all.

And to show how important it is that the nun should combine her apostolate with that of the Missionary Fathers, we may quote part of a letter written by Cardinal Lavigerie in 1886. This extract is somewhat lengthy, but it will be read with interest and profit :

"In spite of all the zeal of the missionaries"—said he—"their efforts will never produce sufficient fruit without the aid of women apostles among the women.

"This office they cannot themselves fill; women alone have free access to the pagan women in order to maintain charitable relations with them, to cure their ills, and to thus touch their hearts and enable them to realize their profound debasement by the very spectacle of the moral heights to which the Christian woman has risen.

"And it is not among the infidel women only that this spectacle of the woman apostle, of the Sister of Charity, is calculated to produce an irresistible impression. It does so also among the heathen men. This is notable wherever the Sisters have already succeeded in establishing themselves among the infidels on the shores of the Mediterranean. They deem them to be something above human nature. They compare them to God's angels. I have cited somewhere the remark of the old Turk, who, in a Mahomedan town, stopped a Sister one day to say to her: "Sister, when you come



down from Heaven, you nuns, are you attired as you are at present?"

"What sermon could be more effective or more telling?"

"What is lacking then to assure the fruitage of such an apostolate? One thing—numbers. The actual congregations in Europe are taken up with the multitude of their works. Even when they devote themselves to missions as well as other works of mercy, they can spare only a few of their members for service in our barbarous regions. To meet the case Our Lord would have to raise up apostolic legions without other works in prospect.

"Women's action will be more powerful than that of the Missionaries? This is no longer for us a hope or a hypothesis, but a certainty. Where we have established them in the midst of the natives alone, we have the proof in the results.

"I have said it from the beginning, but it cannot be too often repeated and explained, that the Missionaries, on account of the native prejudices, cannot approach the women directly. They cannot establish and maintain relations with them to instruct them and the women would never come to hear them.

"But what men cannot do, women can. They are admitted easily, even gladly. The sick hope for relief from them, for they are in their eyes physicians of a supernatural order. They believe in their remedies and still more in their power with God. The poor secluded women, in the deadly wearisomeness of their lives, find in this the satisfaction of a childish curiosity. They do not want to let them go away; they touch their garments; they put a thousand amazing questions; they beg them to return; they call their little children; and when these are ill and close to death the Sisters take advantage of the circumstance to apply the remedy for the soul as well as for the body.

"Picture to yourself nuns, thus consecrated to the apostolate, penetrating everywhere, going from place to place, in those villages, in those huts, even under the fires of the equator; sitting down by the side of the pagan woman, of



the poor bruised and broken down slave, and reviving little by little her hopes ; causing her to raise her eyes towards heaven ; explaining to her how the whole human race issued from the hands of a good God ; how it deserted that God and thus became the object of a mysterious curse ; how it was redeemed by a Savior ; how that Savior, come on earth to save the lowly and the weak, sends salvation to them to day ; how a woman, blessed among all others, raised her sex from the curse which weighed upon it, and surrounded it with respect ; how among the peoples who know Jesus and Mary, women do not suffer from the families and the atrocious tortures which oppress the African woman ; how at once, if such be their wish, they can share in these blessings and even if it be their lot to still suffer here below, they will receive in a better world hereafter the reward of their torments on this earth.

Do you think that, on hearing these statements from the lips of regenerated women, these poor creatures of their own sex will not awaken as from a sombre dream, will not be touched and, with the help of Mary, there will not come from such work fruits of light and salvation, not only for themselves, but for all the people ?

" But this apostolate does not stop at the woman. The woman is the origin of all since she is the mother ; her children are what she makes them. She sows in their souls seeds which are indestructible and which germinate in spite of all obstruction. Therefore, little by little, through the woman we get the family and through the family the whole community. "

But what a gigantic organization essential to the execution of this marvellous programme ?

A few men, with the hearts of apostles ; some weak women, who are not inferior to them in zeal and courage ; these are the whole army with which the illustrious friend of the unfortunate Africans, who seemed cut out to move and rule the world, sought to enlist in order to conquer for the faith, for civilization and for freedom, a great part of the dark continent.

But if the army be small, with what irresistible weapons is it armed : for standard, the cross ; for patron Our Lady of Africa and for means of action—love, prayer, and sacrifice, the assured pledges of complete and definite success.

Nevertheless, to these supernatural elements, the essential basis of all truly great and immortal works, fortunate is he who can add pecuniary help, a thing of inferior order, it is true, yet always very useful to increase and accelerate the results. The needs of the Missions are immense and the resources, supplied exclusively through the work of the Missionaries and through charity, are very limited.

Thus far, in Canada, public attention does not seem to have been sufficiently directed to the necessity of coming to their assistance.

And yet, inasmuch as the sons and daughters of the generous Canadian soil, which formerly produced so many heroes, heroines, and martyrs, have been called in such goodly numbers to the pure joys of participation in the African apostolate : inasmuch as we reckon already some thirty Canadian missionaries and nearly the same number of nuns on the dark continent, have we not therein a sure sign that Canada is destined to play a very important role in this work of regeneration ?

And, after supplying Missionary Fathers and Sisters, is it not natural and especially easy to give a little money to assist them and to share, though unworthy, in their merits ?

It was with this idea that there was organized in Quebec, in 1907, the work of regenerating the Mussulman woman, whose wretchedness is briefly described in the following lines :

" Nothing is sadder to contemplate than the state of degradation to which the Mussulman woman is reduced ; sold by her father to one who, in wedding her, becomes her master and living in a debasement of which no idea can be formed in a Christian country. A captive in her own house, entry to which is prohibited to men by the Mahomedan laws, the infidel woman can only be regenerated by the female apostle."

This work which has its headquarters at the Novitiate of the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa, 44 Rampart Street, Quebec, was approved and blessed by His Grace Archbishop Begin on the 9th May, 1907, in the following terms:

"The work of the Missionary Nuns of Africa particularly concerns the propagation of the faith. To encourage it with some help is to take part in the admirable apostolate of these courageous missionaries, in the merits inherent to it and to the glory of God. It is an undertaking worthy of our sympathies and I recommend it to the faithful"

The conditions of participation in this good work are open to and within the power of all. They can be fulfilled as:

1. An Associate—by the contribution of an annual alms of 5 cents in the case of children and of 10 cents in that of adults.

2. A Zealous Friend—by giving or collecting \$1.00 a year.

3. A Benefactor—by giving or collecting \$5.00 a year.

4. A Founder—by giving or collecting \$10.00 a year.

The same titles may be acquired in perpetuity by paying ten successive yearly contributions or an equivalent sum at one time.

The dead may be associated with the work on the same terms and with the same titles as the living.

Other ways of aiding the missions are as follows:

- |   |              |
|---|--------------|
| 1. Annual adoption of a Missionary Sister.....  | \$120.00     |
| 2. Annual adoption of a child in a North African orphanage.....   | \$ 40.00     |
| 3. Annual maintenance of a dispensary for the treatment of the sick and the distribution of remedies and whose expense varies according to population from..... | \$10 to \$40 |
| 4. Redemption of a child or a young girl in order to give liberty to embrace the Christian religion or to marry as they please.....                             | 20.00        |
| 5. Furnishing of a Christian household in the Arab country .....  | 20.00        |

— XIV —

6. Trousseau of a young Christian Arab girl.....	15.00
7. Annual support of a woman or girl attached to undertakings of the Sisters.....	10.00
8. Annual support of a sick patient in his hut.....	10.00
9. Construction of a hut for the sick in the negro country.....	1.00
10. Rewards and clothing indispensable to a little girl frequenting one of our work rooms during one year.....	1.00
11. Annual maintenance of a lamp for the Holy Sacrament in a mission chapel.....	10.00

The Sisters also accept gifts in kind such as objects of piety, church linen and ornaments, stuffs, pearls, old jewellery, &c. Everything is gratefully received and utilized for the benefit of the African Missions.

Lastly, the sum of 25 cents can be addressed to the Novitiate of the Revd Sisters on application for the fourth annual bulletin, just issued, of 42 pages, bearing the title of "Annual Visit of Our Lady of Africa to Canadian Homes." Artistically and copiously illustrated with engravings, reproducing letters from the Missionary Sisters, several of whom are Canadians, and giving numerous, instructive and edifying details regarding these missions and almost unknown peoples, this bulletin is worthy in all respects of being obtained.

The three previous bulletins can also be secured; but of the second and third years the number available is small.

What have we done so far to aid all these good works?

Are we not aware of the fact that the resources at the disposal of the White Fathers for their almost boundless missions are relatively insignificant, when their sainted founder strove to arouse Europe from its indifference by the cry that millions were needed.

Are we sure that our gifts to the Sisters' Novitiate are abundant enough to meet the necessary expenses of the house itself, the support of the novices, the journeys to Africa, &c., without forcing them to draw on the sacred treasury of the mother-house in Algiers, supplied so largely,

in the words of Mgr de Lavigerie, by the precious alms of the poor servants of France? What formidable accusers will not these admirable girls be of all who, having the means to give, yet remain deaf to the appeals to their better nature.

Even if the expenses just mentioned were covered by the alms we receive, would there be reason to be satisfied? Would it not be still fitting, even necessary and easy, to supply additional help to Africa.

And, to conclude, we sum up our appeal by saying :

Let us all give ! You, first of all, men of finance and business, so absorbed by your material aims and almost totally so by the pursuit not of the essential object, the only one which counts in the long run, but for what was promised over and above. Remember that if, on the one hand, the worship and the possession of money give birth to great dangers, terrible evils, alms-giving can wipe out many faults, cover a multitude of iniquities.

And you, women of tender hearts, but rendered oblivious and even ungrateful for all the invaluable blessings you owe to civilization and Christianity, give and cause to be given.

If luxury and abundance are yours, you usually spend large sums upon your toilet, in which the superfluous frequently predominates, when, away in another land, poor fellow creatures, worthy of all compassion, claim help from all quarters, die of privations and hardship, and, sadder still, pass away in idolatry.

Poor mothers, so anxious, alas ! and sometimes so tortured by sorrow over your children ; . . . you will give also generously to save fellow beings still more unfortunate, still in greater peril, confident that this act of mercy will secure for your own loved ones the light and the energy which they lack.

And you, young girls so easily moved by human suffering and whose hearts have not been hardened by egotism ? You sometimes feel attracted towards the distant missions and desirous to imitate the Sisters, the fellow country women who are bearing aloft on African soil the Catholic and the Canadian names.

Circumstances, a different vocation, combine to retain you in the world. Why should you not also become apostles? With a great many, your wishes amount to laws. Why should you not use your sweet influence to interest in these undertakings so many persons who can easily do so.

Give, above all, young men on the threshold of life, who desire to make a start in the right direction and who are exposed to commit so many mistakes, to lavish frequently on things that are useless and even culpable a part of your incomes. Do not forget that the money, so foolishly wasted, would cause to flourish in that land of desolation, Africa, a great deal of joy, together with blessed and eternal work.

And you, children, who enjoy so many advantages, so much happiness, think often that a little saving in your play toys, a slight part of your economies, would secure for brethren in Africa not only food, medicines and indispensable clothing, but also blessings of infinite price. And if your little savings are exhausted, ask your parents without fear to help you to follow the dictates of your heart and be assured that they will not refuse you.

Let us then all give, rich and poor!

The rich! because we are merely depositories of our wealth which carries with it obligations and because a terrible curse clings to riches that are not used with generosity and wisdom!

The poor! however modest may be our offering, because it is usually the mainstay of works of regeneration and benevolence and because in the Temple the poor widow's mite was alone declared to be an alms beyond price.

In fine, give you who have not a cent to command; give the benefit of your fervent, your pious prayers; it may be that they will prove the most efficacious and the most acceptable offering of all, as everything is granted to prayer and Moses, praying on the mountain, did more for the triumph of the arms of Israel than the commanders and the warriors fighting on the plain.

But let your succor in every case be prompt, given with a good heart, repeated and lasting. Let there be no idle hesitations or useless deliberations? The need is urgent; bodies and souls are in peril, and delays of any kind may entail irreparable and infinite evils.



### CARDINAL LAVIGERIE (1)

Has there ever been an instance of a better filled life or of one more militant in the good cause, greater in its aspirations and its deeds of apostolic zeal, and more fascinating than that of Cardinal Lavigerie, Archbishop of Carthage and Algiers, founder of the White Fathers and White Sisters, Apostle of Africa, &c?

The Pontiff Leo XIII, who was his admirer and his friend, in an eulogium, which might be deemed exaggerated if it did not emanate from so august a source, ranks him

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(1) The matter of this notice is partly taken, sometimes word for word, from Mgr Baunard's fine work. "Cardinal Lavigerie."

among the most illustrious of the promoters of Catholicism and civilization.

Born and endowed even physically for great undertakings, for those generous, heroic struggles which seem to surpass all human power, he was given Northern Africa, the Africa of the Sahara, the Africa of the Soudanese and lastly the Africa of the Great Lakes, Equatorial Africa, as a field for the exercise of his zeal, when he would not have shrunk from the evangelization of the whole world, when his heart was big enough to embrace the whole sum of human suffering. And there he laid deep the foundations of works of civilization, of apostleship and of inexhaustible charity to bring succor to the manifold wretchedness of which it is the mournful scene—works which are still carried on and have been increased without cease by the incessant action of the priests and nuns, who are the faithful depositories and constant promoters of his profound charity and his apostolic zeal.

And in order to give free vent to his ardor for doing good in all its forms, it frequently fell to his lot also to have to fight with the most remarkable perseverance and the most unflinching firmness, not only against the ill will of certain officials, but even against the ill will and the prejudices of the Emperor of the French personally.

As a professor at the Sorbonne, his energies were stifled ; he needed the East, the management of the schools of the Orient, and the Sultan solemnly invested him with the decoration of the order of the Medjidie

Promoted to the highly honorable office of Auditor of the Rota at Rome, named bishop of the diocese of Nancy to which he gave so powerful an impetus, he confided to the Pope that he wanted more room and that he was ready to undertake the propagation of the Gospel.

And on the very day that his "insatiable ambition," asked the Roman Pontiff for Africa as a field for evangelization, he also asked leave to console and put new life into the old Oriental churches and to restore them to the position of an apostolic centre through the education of their clerics



and the wise preservation of their rites. Thereupon, he embarked for Jerusalem, where he re-opened a sanctuary of the old Crusaders, to which he led his sons and, on the very site of the cradle of the Mother of God, he installed the cradle of these renascent churches.



F. DOYON  
F. FRANÇOIS

F. MORIN

BR. DAMIEN  
F. BARSALOU

As Missionary, Cardinal, Primate, founder of congregations and a builder of churches, schools, hospitals, monasteries, colleges and cathedrals, he filled the world with his eloquence, his writings, and his presence. He was everywhere.

where, in France, Belgium, Holland, England and how many times in Rome. "*Sicut fulgur.*"

At the age of 63, weakened, but still unsated by so many works, we find him in the leading capitals of Europe preaching a crusade against slavery in Africa, enlisting in the cause courts, governments, parliaments, academies and the press; enrolling volunteers for a distant expedition in order to stop the slave traffic on land as it had been stopped on the sea, and to extirpate as far as possible a cancer that was devouring lives without number.

But he was already falling exhausted by fatigue on his triumphal route. He had kept his word, however; for twenty years he had not taken a day's rest and to his last hour he never took any.

Two years before his death, when worn out and weakened by age, he inaugurated, in France, at the request of the Pope, a still harder and more disagreeable campaign by raising his glass to the union of the Church and the Republic, by drinking the toast of the navy, and by draining this fresh chalice of bitterness into which both the old and the new parties were about to pour the poison of his latter years and to place on his head the crown of another and a deeper suffering. Yet in those winters towards the end of his life, when, with the dagger in his heart, he went to strive to recuperate under the palms of Biskra, it was not merely to bind up his wounds and to hide his patriotic sorrows there; but to do more work. He organized, housed and equipped the small band of pioneers whom he intended for the penetration, colonization and protection of the deserts of the Sahara.

His power as an orator must have been at certain times prodigious. Everything seemed to combine to render it complete; the loftiest and noblest thoughts formed its theme and sprang in their hurried flow from his fertile brain; his harmonious style, animated and glowing, but in the most attractive and persuasive forms; his splendid stature, "his noble," energetic gestures, his captivating action and his great ardor as an apostle—all, coupled with his full, melodious voice, tended to make his eloquence irresistible.

But what was the spring powerful enough to so quicken such a life.

A threefold love : love of the Church, of France and of Africa.

But this man was a man. His personal temperament was dictatorial, absolute, imperious. He was above all a ruler. (He has been compared to Bonaparte.) Everything had to yield to him. Full of tenacity and indomitable courage, he never hesitated between the conception of a project and its realization. He looked upon every obstacle in his path as an enemy. Routine trembled before this hurricane of thought and will. Those who obstructed his plans or did not promptly carry out his wishes undoubtedly found him frequently hard and peremptory. But was not his vigorous vitality the key to success? The soil of Africa, which is still waiting for the iron harrow, needed for its subduing a hand that shook before nothing. There are some individualities which cannot be measured with the common tape-yard. There is a prudence which is really audacity, and a wisdom which consists in overthrowing the obstacles that bar the straight road. Such have been the men raised by God to be the leaders of peoples and the founders of Churches and States. The Primate of Africa, the civilizer of the dark continent, was of that type. In fifty years, no one will remember his detractors ; but history will place his statue in the gallery of immortal founders.

But if he insisted on complete obedience, he himself gave it promptly and unreservedly, for never did the Church and the Pope have a more loving, more respectful or more submissive son.

And, if he was sometimes a rough master, he was oftener a father full of tenderness and joyousness.

He had adopted the word "Charity" for the device on his escutcheon, and the pelican as his emblem.

Device and emblem did not say too much.

To describe the feelings towards him of his friends, his priests and his sons, those who came into more immediate contact with him, the words of Father Federlin, one of his

sons, may be appropriately recalled: "Those who have really known the Cardinal would have suffered themselves to be cut to pieces for him."

The orphans, who were the constant objects of his solicitude, were not less attached to him and, as a proof of this, let us recall that on the day of the Cardinal's departure from Algiers to attend the Vatican Council, he could with a glass have seen on the shore under the "Square House" the crowd of his children, who at the hour fixed for his departure rushed towards the sea to wave him their farewells. From that point, which is nearly the centre of the bow formed by the vast roadstead, they watched the vessel leaving the port slowly and shaping its course for France. Then, advancing close to the water's edge, they shouted while shaking their red chechias as: "Where are you going, Father? Return to your children, Monseigneur, return! But as the vessel continued to forge ahead, some of them addressing their Director, exclaimed: "Why does our father go away? Does he love us no more?" "Yes, my children, he loves you, but he has been called to Rome by "our father": "very great". "Well, write to our father of Rome to send him back soon, for we cannot live far away from him."

Contrast full of charm in this great man—with all these forceful, virile qualities, which caused him to be compared to the lion, he mingled a delicacy of feeling, a poetical sentiment, which went to show the abundant gifts of his rich and many-sided nature and how young had remained the heart and fresh the soul of this athlete.

At the orphanage of La Marsa, he amused himself by telling stories to the young orphans and teaching them little songs: "The Little Ship"; "The Complaint of St-Nicholas" and other lyrics of that stamp.

At Biskra, he used to play with the gazelles, carry the young lambs, or warm a wet kid in his lap?

In the processions, on the feast days, wearing his vestments, he would take into his arms the children presented to him by their mothers for his blessing.

Nor was the taste for amiable, sprightly joking alto-

gether foreign to his nature. This can be gleaned from the following fact, which also throws into relief the impulsive and somewhat singular character of the Neapolitans.

In 1885, the Cardinal arrived at Naples and remained in the carriage, while his servant removed the baggage. Although wearing nothing to indicate his rank, the handsome, white-bearded old man did not fail to attract attention. A crowd soon surrounded him to listen to and look at him. "Who can he be?" "The Cardinal of Africa," said some



MOTHER CLAVER AND HER COMPANIONS

one. The Cardinal smiled. "Yes, my friends, I am the Cardinal from Carthage." "What can he do there?" interposed another. "True", replied His Eminence in the most natural way and with that kindly simplicity so characteristic of him. "But listen a bit. There are several classes of Cardinals in the Church. In the first place, there are the most perfect, those of the first class, those who are better than all the others, and of these the Pope makes Archbishops of Naples." "E vero, e vero," exclaimed the crowd, and the name of San Felice, Cardinal of Naples, burst forth lovingly from every mouth. "But listen again; after the excellent

ones, like yours, there are still the good and of these are many. These the Pope keeps at Rome to take their advice and rule the Church." "Bene, bene!" Lastly there are those who are worth less and do you know what the Pope does with them? Well, he sends them across to Africa for correction. The crowd look at him, pity him. "Il povero, poveritto!" They ask him how long he has been doing penance and when it will be completed? "What he must have done", exclaims some one in horror? Others admire his zeal: he is called upon to relate something of his life and his works in Africa, and he electrifies them and holds them spellbound with a broad sketch of his career and its results, until the arrival of the baggage puts an end to the interview.

He never recalled the grace of his baptism without the deepest feeling and, when he became a Cardinal, he had the delicate thought to offer to his native parish a splendid baptismal font, asking only in return, in order to place it in his splendid cathedral at Carthage, the very humble font at which he himself had received the grace he prized above all others.

He, so brave, that a raging army would not have caused him to recede a single step, he was frightened by the idea of committing a sin, saying with visible emotion that "God is too good to offend him."

He knew how to suffer, expiate and die. He had desired the death of the martyrs: and his martyrdom was rendered all the harder by a prolonged, but serene agony, humiliated by infirmity, but softened by resignation and consoled by the confidence and the mercy of Him whom he had served with such remarkable courage, perseverance and abundance.

In 1892, at the age of 67 years he passed away, poor, very poor, when he had handled millions for his undertakings, and left to his family only the glory of his name.

When Leo XIII was informed that Cardinal Lavigerie was no more, raising his hands to heaven and recalling the work done by that great Servant of the Church, he said sadly. "And I feel what I have lost. I loved him like a brother, as Peter loved Andrew!"

His obsequies were imposing. The city of Algiers went into the deepest mourning and the flags on all the public buildings and the vessels in the port were at half mast.

He was exposed in the cathedral and during three days the spectacle was witnessed of the whole city, of the hundred thousand inhabitants of Algiers, not only Europeans, but Arabs, Mahomedans and Jews, piously ascending the steps of the metropolitan church, which were entirely draped in red, to venerate for the last time the "prophet of God" and to pay the homage of their love and respect to his revered remains.

All the pomp which Church and State could display was pressed into service to add still greater solemnity to the honors paid him.

After the requiem mass, chanted in unison by four hundred voices, Mgr. Combes ascended the pulpit and spoke of the glory of the man whom Algiers claimed as a sacred patrimony and of whom the Count de Montalembert had already said when he was only at the prelude of his African episcopate : "Mgr Lavigerie is a truly Christian, truly French prelate, who thrills every Catholic soul with admiration."

Of this glory, the eloquent prelate said :

"It is the glory of the apostolate, the glory of saintliness ; it is the glory of charity, the glory of great characters tempered in the fountains of grace ; it is the glory of the wisdom given by the spirit of God, of the Church and of country which no Christian soul ever tries to separate ; it is the glory of the spirit of the peoples seated in the shadow of death ; it is the glory of great founders ; it is the glory of liberation from slavery. . . ."

And along the route of the funeral cortege to deposit the remains on board of the "Cosmao," a Government cruiser the Governor-General of Algiers, M. Cambon, speaking on behalf of the French people paid him also the following homage :

"The Cardinal's wish was to have his body conveyed to Carthage, but he has left us his heart. In fact, it was here, gentlemen, that the Cardinal conceived and carried on

“ the great work of his life and this also at a time when  
“ noboy gave a thought to Africa. The Cardinal had dreamed  
“ of conquering Africa for France and civilization, and he  
“ prosecuted the undertaking like a good Frenchman and a  
“ good European.

“ On the soil of Africa, he was the forerunner of all  
“ those bold travellers, sailors and soldiers, who seem to re-  
“ new among us the glory of the conquerors of the New  
“ World. And the whole life of this brave man was a battle,  
“ God only knows at the cost of how much bitterness and  
“ sorrow sometimes.

“ He was born for action. His spirit was of that order  
“ which all progress attracts and which is preoccupied above  
“ all with thought of the object to be gained, the good to be  
“ realized.

“ He said to me often personally : “ I am the servant of  
“ a Master, who could never be kept shut up in a tomb. ”

“ I may be permitted to state how kindly and tender  
“ he ever was to those whom he loved, how constant he was  
“ in his affections and how he inflamed with his generous  
“ ardor all who approached him.

“ His memory will ever be cherished by them and  
“ France, which he loved so deeply, will keep it green as that  
“ one of the best and noblest of its children. Farewell, beloved  
“ and venerated Cardinal ! ”

We shall bring this too incomplete sketch to a close by  
citing the beautiful eulogy which a French editor inserted  
in the “ Moniteur de Rome ”, the day after his death : “ Now  
“ may he rest in peace ! To the daring initiatives of the great  
“ man will now succeed the gradual and peaceful develop-  
“ ment of his undertakings. He has cut out works for several  
“ generations. Like unto the conquerors and founders of  
“ empires, he has made history for the centuries. The Mis-  
“ sions, Carthage, the White Fathers, anti-slavery, the Sahara  
“ and the Soudan, Africa of the Lakes, the French question,  
“ all will go on under the impulse given to them by his hand.  
“ When the harvests are ripe, the sowers depart. Tireless  
“ apostle, from the royal tomb which your country’s admi-  
“ ration has prepared for you, remember France, the Church  
“ and Rome ” ; and we will add your sons, your daughters  
and that unhappy Africa which you so passionately loved !

FRIENDS OF THE MISSIONS.





MOTHER CLAVER AND LITTLE BLACK GIRLS

**REV. MOTHER MARIE CLAVER**  
**AND HER VISIT TO THE MISSIONS IN EQUATORIAL AFRICA**

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**BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES**

Before reproducing certain parts of her journal we think our readers will be interested on the following biographical details, some of which are taken textually from Mgr Baunard's life of Cardinal Lavigerie.

Born in Touraine, France, of a family belonging to the magistracy of Rouen and honorably known in the department of the Lower Seine, endowed with remarkable qualities and talents, especially for painting and literature, and developed by an excellent education at home and at the Ursuline convent, Mother Marie Claver (Miss Marie Louise Zoé Grandin de l'Eprevier) was not dazzled by the brilliant position reserved to her in society. While still young,

she aspired to the perfect life which calls for renunciation and sacrifice,

Miraculously cured by Dom Bosco, of a serious illness that threatened to prevent her joining the African Missions which had already occupied her thoughts, she consulted the holy founder of the Salesian works, who replied as follows :

“ If you wish to pursue to some extent the kind of life you live at home among your people, enter some good community in France. But, if you seek Jesus above with His cross, if you really desire to suffer like Jesus, go to the Missions. ”

Obeying the aspirations of her ardent and upright soul, she chose the most difficult path, but not without trials and hesitation. The Cardinal, on being informed of the struggle which this choice soul was undergoing, also gave her advice in a somewhat lengthy correspondence, but without hurrying her or embellishing anything. Thus he wrote :

“ Reflect while it is still time and do not enter upon a path which you cannot follow to the end. ”

And when, on the 15th August 1887, she declared that she chose the apostolic life, he repeated his advice : “ You must expect nothing from Africa but suffering, vexation, and disappointment, for Africa it still under the devil's thralldom. Nevertheless, have confidence, for Our Lord, the Prince of Apostles, has overcome the devil everywhere and he will also overcome him in that infidel land. Who knows whether He will not vanquish him by woman according to His promise to mankind at the beginning of the world ? May you, my child, deserve to be one of those who will win that great triumph ! How happy will you then be amidst your earthly sufferings and how great will be your triumph in heaven ! ”

“ And through the ways of the cross : humility, abnegation and sacrifice which are also, and above all, the ways of love, you have naught to fear, not even those sacrifices of the heart which you dread beforehand. He will replace all ! He will soften all ! He will crown all ! And without ceasing to be attached to those whom you so rightly love at present, you will be flooded with light which will make you see every

thing under a different aspect. This comes to the elect in heaven and comes, even on earth, to those who give themselves to God without reserve."

To sum up what he had said for her guidance, he afterwards added, alluding to words, distressing to nature but full of vigor and of grace, which Dom Bosco had written her: "These are the words that have influenced you, my daughter. You have recognized the appeal of Jesus Christ; therefore His cross is now in your hands and His crown of thorns upon your head." (1)

To show the extraordinary impression produced on him by this vocation among others, Mgr Lavigerie afterwards wrote to a friend: "I have devoted the years of my youth and my mature age to founding the Missionaries' apostolate. I want to devote my old age, as long as God allows me to live, to effectually promoting the Sisters' apostolate. Vocations of an almost superhuman character have begun to manifest themselves. . . ."

Towards the end of 1887, at the age of 22 years, Miss Grandin entered the convent of St Charles, near Algiers, to become a White Sister of Our Lady of Africa. Her novitiate ended, she pronounced her vows and was afterwards appointed mistress of the novices—then assistant-general when she founded a mission at Thibar and a house for postulants in Belgium. In 1904 she was ordered to visit the ten Missions of her order scattered around the great lakes in equatorial Africa. She proceeded to Marseilles where she embarked for Mombassa on the Indian ocean.

From Mombassa she penetrated to the interior of equatorial Africa as far as lakes Victoria, Nyanza, Tanganika, across southern Nyanza, and Unyanyembe and towards the upper Congo; sometimes by land, caravan and even on foot, and sometimes by sea, the great lakes and rivers, and steamers or boats; frequently in mountainous regions intersected by deserts and forests and very difficult of access.

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(1) The Cardinal here alludes to the touching ceremonial at the taking of the religious habit when a crown of thorns is placed on the novice's head above the virginal crown of orange blossoms; and a large crucifix in her hands.

We have fortunately been permitted to read the journal of her travels kept by the Reverend Mother, and printed by her Sisters in their convent at St-Charles, and we are happy to be able to publish some extracts from it in this work.

The reading of these exquisite pages which the most distinguished writers would be proud to claim as their own, will, we are convinced, show that the horrors of Africa, the devotedness to the wretched negroes carried, it would seem, even to the extent of folly, have detracted nothing from the freshness or poetry of the impressions nor from the sobriety or precision of style. The picturesque, natural, life-like descriptions and narratives, so unconstrained in their brief simplicity, are often finished models of literature.

And it must be remembered that these notes were hastily jotted down during her travels, amidst much disquiet, and sometimes at night after excessive fatigue in those arid regions, in the terrible climate of equatorial Africa.

These extracts, which betray a serene, calm and happy frame of mind, further prove that He, to whose service she had so generously devoted the first fruits of her youth, had not allowed Himself to be outdone in generosity, even in this life, and that the Cardinal's prediction: "You will be flooded with light which will make you see everything under a different aspect", had been abundantly verified.



BEAUDOINVILLE

## TRAVELS OF REVEREND MOTHER MARIE CLAVER IN EQUATORIAL AFRICA.

### SOUTHERN NYANZA.

MOMBASSA.—We have quickly resumed the usual community life: the morning is spent in work, and the afternoon, with the exception of the time set apart for our devotional exercises, is passed in delightful walks.

One day we visited the negro village whose population is estimated at twenty thousand souls. It lies beside and extends beyond the European town and covers fully one third of the island. It forms a labyrinth wherein one is easily lost. Today, Sunday, all the inhabitants are going to the various places of amusement and games are being got up at several spots. Here is a curious one: a dozen wild-looking blacks perform steps and gestures while dancing in a ring. Some have feathers about their heads, tiger skins and boar tusks on their backs; others have bows and spears in their hands; others still are tattooed with bizarre devices in dark blue. One, in the centre of the circle, beats time with a small copper rattle with bells inside, while the native drum accompanies the dance.

We point our camera at this curious performance. At first the dancers, carried away by the enthusiasm of pleasure, do not perceive what we are doing; but, just as we are about to touch the button, somebody warns them and in the twinkling of an eye, the dancers vanish. Are they frightened? Well, yes, they are. They fear that we shall steal their souls away from them in our little box and thereby acquire absolute and universal power over them.

We continue our route. Here is a woman aiding a young girl in her toilet at the door of a hut; the pose, the dress, the heads, all are characteristic. While some of us draw near and endeavor to open a conversation, I hide behind them and get my camera ready. Alas! the alarm is once more given and the young woman rushes inside the hut.

Since people are so sensitive, we must have recourse to nature which God has made so beautiful at Mombassa. It is

spring time ; everything is green ; cocoa-nut palms predominate, numerous mango trees give a cool dense shade, the green coloring of the banana plant mingles with the darker tints ; the naked baobabs, heavily laden with their big, worthless fruit, contrast with the other vegetation ; thousands of shrubs with sweet-smelling flowers, snow-white or bright-colored, entangle themselves in the garden hedges or in the bushes of the open country.

The island is small and the sea is easily reached on all sides. Here is a small beach surrounded by rocks and plants growing down into the water ; the fishermen shelter their boats in it. There is a fine walk above the sea amidst the forest trees ; afar the waves curl and break noisily on the points jutting out into the ocean ; some ruins covered with cresses and ivy recall Vasco de Gama, whose name is still associated with the ancient works of the Portuguese on the island of Mombassa. Elsewhere, lie the ports of Kilindini and others commanding one another and picturesquely intersected by the railway bridge called the Salisbury bridge.

How beautiful it was that evening at sunset ! The green banks were mirrored in the water ; some natives were rocking in their small boats on the waves ; we could see the light and graceful outlines of the railway bridge. We would have liked to linger and admire longer, but we were far away and night was falling. The island of Mombassa is inhabited by a very varied population. Europe is represented by the English. There are also some German and Austrian banking and shipping houses. Asia sends Goanese, Parsees, Indians, Arabs.

**THE RAILWAY.**—The day for our departure has come. The trains of the Uganda railway leave Mombassa three times a week, but reach the terminus on the shore of the Victoria-Nyanza only once.

At 7 p. m. we are at Nakuru from which we start only at two o'clock in the morning. We can therefore sleep ; but we are very careful to hermetically close our doors because we are told that when the railway went first into operation, at a station now called Simba (the Lion), which we passed

long ago by daylight, as a lion hunter lay asleep in his car one night, when the train stopped, one of those animals unceremoniously carried him off.

In the morning, at the peep of dawn, I once more see the splendid forest which darkness clothed with somewhat of mystery. Then the horizon assumes the tints of early dawn. Bengal fire changes to lilac mingling with the azure of the sky; where the light touches the earth, it pales to straw yellow, while on the opposite side the clouds are tinged with purple, violet and blue. All our Sisters have seen as I have, at Algiers and Carthage, the sun set splendidly in purple and gold; these are splendors of the firmament whereof the sky of Europe can convey no idea. Ah, yes! the sky of our Africa is very beautiful!

At last, we arrive at Port Florence at 3.30. That is the name of the railway terminal station; the village is more generally called Kisumu. (In the native tongue the *s* is always sibilant and the *u* is pronounced *ou*). Thus the word should be pronounced "Kissoumou". This applies to all similar cases. In the same manner *e* is always close: (thus Ugowé, Entebbé).

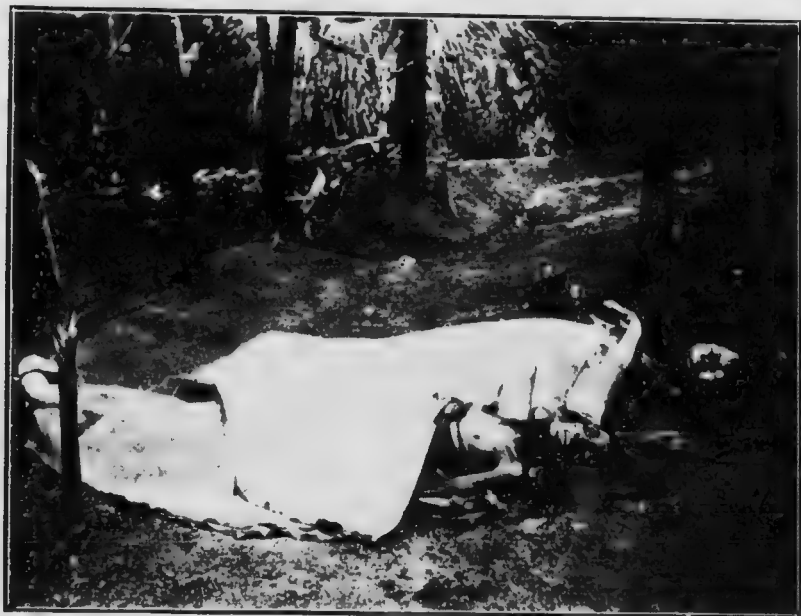
THE STEAMER.—THE ENTRANCE TO UGANDA.—Two steamers of equal size, the "Winifred" and the "Sybil," ply on the Nyanza. As they no longer suffice for the passenger and freight traffic, the company is building a larger one.

Here are the shores of Uganda which we skirt without landing. From the depths of my heart, I greet these shores dyed with the blood of the martyred negroes.

Now comes the English town of Entebbé prettily situated, amphitheatre-like, on a hill. A few minutes later we embrace our Sisters who have come from Rubaga to Entebbé to meet us. We start almost immediately for Kisubi where we are to sleep tonight, for it is already 5 o'clock and we have a three hours' walk through the forest before us.

KISUBI is the former Black Seminary of our Mission which has been abandoned by our Seminarists since the appearance of the sleeping sickness and transformed into a hospital for the victims of the plague.

The day following our arrival, after mass, we visited the ninety-five "Bamongota" (sleepers) who are attended with heroic devotedness by three White Fathers, five male catechists and some women. The native nurses, if not the European missionaries, know that they are themselves doomed to death through this act of perfect charity; nevertheless they accept their fate joyfully and with admirable courage. The same virtue shines in all its brilliancy among the dying ones. When they are asked whether they are not afraid of death, all reply: "Why should I fear? I am going to my Father; heaven is my home; I am glad to go there."



THE SLEEPERS

All around us are dying and it is a heartrending sight, but how greatly does faith transform this horror by illumining it with its brilliant light! The faith and hope of these unfortunates are already the dawn of a glorious eternity which will compensate them for all their sufferings and sacrifices in this world.

After visiting the Bamongota we went for a walk in the beautiful forest whence they are going to extract rubber to

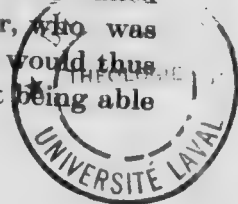


meet the expenses of the hospital. Then, after dinner, we proceed, some on donkey-back and some on foot, to Rubaga. This is generally a five hours' journey, but today it takes even hours owing to the crowd and to the darkness.

Since I left Kisubi, I have obtained additional information respecting the Bamongota.

The very name of the sleeping sickness would lead one to infer that these unfortunates suffer but little or not at all; but it would be a great mistake to think that they sleep much or that theirs is a quiet and real slumber. At first they generally suffer great pain throughout the whole body, specially in the intestines and chest, others chiefly in the head.

The symptoms by which the disease manifests itself are: swelling of the neck-glands, yellow complexion, languid eyes, and, above all, a peculiar and fetid odor. As the disease progresses, all have nervous contortions of the mouth and nose; they scratch their chests and arms continually or, attacked by convulsions, they roll on the ground, rubbing their heads on it and striving to bite it. Some hardly ever sleep and are very restless; many become insane and sometimes so dangerous that they have to be manacled; nearly all lose their memory, but retain their intellect to the very last, with the exception of those who are insane. When numbness seizes them, they still seem to suffer in their fictitious sleep. The decomposition of the blood advances; the patients, who came into hospital full of vigor and youth, become frightful skeletons; sometimes, though rarely, they are unable to stand and remain lying down in their huts, exhaling a dreadful odor. Decomposed blood issues from the mouth and sometimes from the nose and eyes. Then the long and terrible agony begins: some are motionless, their breathing is barely perceptible and yet, when spoken to, they give signs of intelligence. Still more, I have seen some who were afraid to be thought dead before they were really so. When the Sister drew near to ascertain whether they were still alive, one of them called out: "I am not dead! I am not dead!" Another, who was unable to speak, made despairing gestures. They would thus remain in a dying condition for a week without being able



to swallow even a drop of water. But the last agony of a great many is even more dreadful: to such an extent are their nerves agitated that they cannot remain one instant at rest; some climb up the walls of the hut with the aid of their hands and feet; others push their heads or arms through holes which they make in the walls and it is exceedingly difficult to free them. One morning, one of them was found dead hanging by his feet from the top of his hut. Finally, there is a strange symptom which I observed several times, a bloody sweat in the last three or four days. In most cases it breaks out only on the head and forehead, but I saw two who sweated blood from head to foot; a drop came from every pore.

Against the horrors of so frightful a disease must be offset the touching spectacle of the good dispositions manifested by all these unfortunates. In fact, there are few Catholics in the hospital for the Bamongota, because since the first panic has passed, our Christians care for their sick at home with great devotedness. But, on the other hand, we take in many Protestants, Pagans and Mahomedans who are everywhere driven away from their homes. God's mercy avails itself of this, for none of these unfortunates can resist the sight of the charity that cares for them. A large shed, built of straw, shelters a modest altar whereon the Saviour, Jesus descends every morning for their consolation. All who can drag themselves to the rustic chapel, never fail to attend mass and Jesus himself visits the dying ones in their huts. Oh! how agreeable it must be for our merciful Saviour to find Himself in a place so wretched in itself, but where so many hearts sincerely love Him and eagerly await the hour of His coming! In fact, at some moment of their long sickness, our poor patients embrace the truth, ask for baptism and die in the arms of the Lord.

I think the real cause of this terrible plague has now been discovered. It is conveyed by the "Kivu fly", a sixth species of the Tsetse, which is found only on the water, on the lake or on the river. It seems pretty clearly proved that the disease is not contagious.

I can assert, from personal observation, that a mass among the Bamongota is a very touching sight ; but I cannot say whether I was more impressed by the hymns so willingly sung by the dying ones, by their close attention to the ceremonies or by the paternal address of the good Father who speaks so familiarly to them that, more than once, they forget themselves, and answer as if engaged in conversation. On such occasions the others promptly impose silence on the delinquent.

Every day also those, who are able to do so, attend catechism. An old Protestant alone resisted all entreaties. He had been instructed and baptized by Mr. Mackay who came from Uganda after the first Protestant ministers and who, though a mere layman, taught with incredible zeal. The reply of our obdurate old man was ; " Mackay is good enough for me, and I am waiting for the Kagombe. It was some time before we could find out what the Kagombe was, but at last we did. Mr Mackay had said : " On the day of the resurrection of the dead, when God's great trumpet shall be sounded, I will come with my little trumpet, and all the Baganda, who have heard my voice and believed my words, will arise and follow me into heaven. "

Thus poor Moussa was waiting for Mackay's trumpet, and would hear of nothing else until the last agony came. We thought we should have to leave him to his good faith and to God's mercy, but we continued to have recourse to prayer. The Sister whose duty it was to prepare the children for the first communion had her 80 pupils make a novena to St. Peter Claver, and her dear little ones prayed fervently as they always do on such occasions.

After lying on the ground for three days with the death-rattle, Moussa seemed to revive ; he got up and came out of his hut ; but grace had worked a great change in his soul during those three days of agony. " You are too good ", he said to his nurses. " Truth is with you and I wish to share your heaven. Make me also a Christian. " He asked for the priest whom he had so often repelled. This occurred exactly on the ninth day of the novena to St. Peter Claver. After

entering the Catholic Church, Moussa, under the new name of Joseph, again relapsed into torpor and, on the following Saturday, his soul soared to heaven.

**THE JOURNEY TO RUBAGA.**—The road is a pleasant one ; hills succeed one another all clothed in verdure ; the lake mirrors from afar the sun's rays ; high grass springs from the marshes on both sides of a fine road. We are still more than two hours from Rubaga, when the first deputations arrive, consisting of men and children who come to greet us on behalf of our Sisters and of the inhabitants of Rubaga.

RUBAGA is one of the seven hills of the capital of Buganda ; (This country is called Uganda or Buganda.) It is the bulwark of Catholicism, as the hill of Namirombe is the bulwark of Protestantism, and Naskasira the bulwark of Islamism.

The hill of Rubaga is crowned by a plateau on which are located the large cathedral, the episcopal residence adjoining the Missionaries' abode, the oratory of the Blessed Virgin and the extensive premises sheltering the White Sisters and the many works entrusted to their solicitude.

On the first day of our arrival we have to be present at the official reception by all school children in the Kigango (covered meeting place).

The programme is pretty much the same as in all civilized countries : singing, compliments, bouquets. How deeply do I regret to find myself deaf and dumb amidst these dear black people. After endless greetings which are the fashion here, and after exchanging congratulations and friendly inquiries through interpreters, we separate, promising to see one another again.

In Buganda, people go on exchanging greetings for half an hour at a time.

“ Otyanno.”

Answer M M M. These three M correspond to an inarticulate and singing sound like the notes sol, la, sol.

“ Otyanno (repeated)

“ Kulika ! Aoh !

“ Bulanghi ! Bulanghi !

“ Yeeee ! Yeeee !

“ M. M. M. ! M. M. M.

“ Errade ! Errade !

“ Nyoge ! Nyimi !

“ Mirembe ! Mirembe !

“ Mamu ! Mamu !

“ Nsanyuse okukulaba ! Nange nsau ! Nyuse nyo Abeeka obandabira !

Which, being translated, means.

“ Good day !

“ I congratulate you. Aoh !

“ You are well ? Yes !

“ Is peace with you ? It is.

“ Much peace ? Much peace.

“ You are in good health ? Yes.

“ I am pleased to see you ! So am I.

“ Remember me to your people.

This continues indefinitely. Religion has added the following Christian interjections :

“ Yebale Katouda ! Yebale Maria !

“ Thanks be to God ! Thanks be to Mary ! which is repeated after every good answer. “ Weraba ! is the last word, the good-bye, and the parties separate.

**A FERVENT CHRISTIANITY.**—To know this fervent Christendom, it must be seen at church in Buganda. Our Sisters' letters have often told us of their ardent faith which obtains miracles : of their eagerness for prayer and the receiving of the sacraments ; the curious spectacle of the distribution of certificates of confession, catechism examinations, etc., etc. Nothing has been exaggerated. The reputation of these courageous Christians has spread afar . . .

The fervent Christians of Rubaga assemble in crowds in the church, not only on Sunday, but on every day of the week, kneeling or sitting on the grassy carpet. People of quality have a small mat brought which they spread under them. The male chiefs have native or European chairs. The mass prayers are recited aloud in Buganda. Not a man or

a child turns his head or makes the slightest movement, except the babies under eighteen months, who sing in their own fashion or shake their anklets, imitating the sound of little bells. The mother puts her little one to sleep on a piece of cotton or seats him on her lubugo, sometimes on a banana leaf. When she goes to communion, the baby is tied on her back : he struggles until he can get his arm out and, when he succeeds, he sometimes reaches out his little hand towards the divine host, or wets his fingers with his lips and traces circles or other geometrical figures on his mother's shoulder. But, when he is two years old, the child knows how to remain kneeling with clasped hands and motionless while the prayer lasts.

There is no human respect or fear of what others may think among the Baganda. When the Blessed Virgin's chapel is closed, one sees, at every hour of the day, men and women kneeling in the square, their faces turned towards the shrine and piously reciting the rosary.

It is not surprising, therefore, that with such a crowd, some system of keeping order should be necessary. This is done by eight stalwart native beadles dressed all in red with a white Maltese cross on their breasts. When hundreds of people go to communion, they make all proceed in the same direction to and from the holy table. When the service is over, they maintain order so that there may be no crush at the doors. When the nuns first came here, they sometimes found it difficult to make their way through the crowd to reach their places. It was not deemed consistent with their dignity that they should be thus elbowed and jostled, and a beadle was told off to precede them and clear a way for them. He, upon whom this duty devolves, performs it very conscientiously every Sunday, and whosoever gets in the Sisters' road in the paved passage-way, is promptly pushed off to the adjoining ground, while the worthy beadle urges his demand with arguments that are sometimes rather too forcible, for, if the Missionaries treat the negroes with great gentleness, the latter are not so particular among themselves, and nobody gets offended.

The twelve little negro boys in red cassocks and surplices bordered with lace who surround the officiating priest are quiet and recollected at the foot of the altar like adoring angels. . . .

ADIEU TO BUDDU.—After spending a month at Buddu, I decided to return to Rubaga. . . .

When my departure was announced, I received farewell letters from all sides, but, as they all resemble one another, I will give, as a sample of negro literature, a translation of a nice letter which a catechist Sister of Mitala-Mariya, an ex-novice of Rubaga, wrote me on my arrival in Uganda.

“To my dear Mother Klaveri (Claver).

Good day, my mother, whom I greatly love. How do you pass your days and nights? What news, I learn? I congratulate you on your journey and on your having escaped the lake, hunger, thirst and fatigue. Mother, I want to tell you how glad I am. When I heard that you were coming, I said: “We are going to see, with our own eyes, our Mother of whom we have heard so much. Now, our companions in Rubaga have already seen you. O Mother! I can find no words to make you understand my joy.

And now I want to ask you about all who have remained at the house. How is Mama Salomé? (the Superioress-General who has always been reelected since there has been such a superioress). And Mama Polite (Hypolite)? And Mama Margarita? Is Mama Restituta cured of her illness? Have Mama Xaverina and Mama Speranza arrived safely?

Au revoir! Mother, may God accompany you on your long journey, and may the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph protect you!

I, ANGILA or ANGELA,  
YOUR CHILD.

## **JOURNEY TOWARDS THE UPPER CO'NGO.—CHARACTER OF THE BAGANDA.**

The Baganda are certainly distinguished among all the other negroes of central Africa by their superiority of intellect, their elevation of mind and delicacy of feelings.

The Baganda are proud of their history from king Kintu, who founded their kingdom about the middle of the 16th century, and introduced good manners, to Mtesa, that splendid negro, whom Stanley made known to the world in 1884.

Of old, they were solely a warlike people, the bow and arrow being the only implements they deemed worthy of their hands. The Baziba might work at trades, make various colored copper bracelets in graceful patterns, might weave mats and baskets of all sizes and shapes—the Baganda would buy these from them for their use. The Banyoro, the Banyamonezi, might carry loads and travellers' baggage—such servile work was beneath the dignity of the Baganda. The Baima might raise and take care of herds; a Baganda would never degrade himself to serve an animal. . . .

Now that wars have ceased in Buganda, since the Europeans have laid hands upon the country and proclaimed themselves as its protectors and civilizers, the Baganda are an idle people, which is certainly a misfortune for them. . . .

**DRESS.**—The women wear their lubugo somewhat coquettishly. They rightly disdain our European toilettes and laugh at wasp-waists (they discovered this comparison themselves) and straight-tight dresses. "They have no money to buy cloth", they say. They have never, like the negresses on the other side of the lake, disfigured their noses or ears by piercing them. They despise all ornaments but the pretty baziba bracelets and armlets which clasp their long bare wrists and arms in dozens.

**FLOWERS.**—Previous to our arrival in the country, the negroes knew nothing about the use and value of flowers, and found it strange at first that the Missionaries should cultivate flowers which they called grasses unfit for food and



even for medicine. The Christians, however, soon learned how they could be used to advantage in adorning the altars, and on feast days they never fail to bring bouquets prettily made up. They scatter cut flowers over the mat at the foot of the Blessed Virgin's altar, and they sometimes employ them to carpet the altar steps in the chiefs' private chapels. When they go forth to meet the Missionaries, bouquets fastened on reeds are carried as symbols of welcome and rejoicing, while all the children bear flowers in their hands.

**RESPECT FOR AUTHORITY**—A characteristic feature among the Baganda is respect for authority and for their baami (great personages). This doubtless gives them such a religious character. They merely show the Sovereign King of heaven and earth the profound respect, and maintain before Him the same dignified and reserved demeanor, which a Kintu or a Mtesa had taught them to show and maintain before their kings and chiefs. In like manner the devotion to the Blessed Virgin, so dear to every Baganda Christian is, as it were, but the application to the Most Holy Mother of God of the veneration they had and the homage they paid, as Pagans, to the Namasole or king's mother. . . .

To this broad hospitality are due the shame and stigma attached to theft among the Baganda. . . .

**THEY ARE LITIGIOUS.**—I have had occasion to say elsewhere that every Baganda is born litigious. To these people a law-suit is a contest wherein each one displays his skill, his cunning and his eloquence. It matters little whether the truth be told or not, provided the adversary is overcome. If one tangles up the matter or embellishes his case the opponent must untangle the skein and, the judge must be sufficiently circumspect to discern which cause is just. It should be added that such suits, which are often good-humored, entail neither costs nor damages; harmony between friends is not disturbed and as a suit is a source of great pleasure to the negroes, they never lose an opportunity to avail themselves of it. Thus, every dispute among them gives rise to a suit. The child who is merely beginning to speak is already an apt pleader and suits are of daily occurrence among even

our school children. The opponents agree upon the choice of some person who is held in respect, generally the chief of the village, or, in his default, an elder as judge. With our Christians, it is often the Missionary, and with the children, the Babikira themselves. All the idlers—and there is no lack of such in a negro country—gather to hear the case argued and judged. Each pleader speaks in turn (Moliere might have chosen his models among the Baganda) and his opponent listens attentively, one might even say religiously,



BAGANDA FAMILY

without the slightest interruption. When judgment is delivered it is received with equal submission by both parties. There is no appeal and no complaints or recriminations. Frequently even the two opponents express their thanks with equal warmth and withdraw better friends than before.

**SAMPLE OF A SUIT.**—Here is a sample of a suit between two small boys. Two of them came to the door of the Community at the recreation hour. “Hodi”?—“Karibu”

(the Buganda expressions for: "Is anybody in?" and "Come in"). They enter gravely and squat on their heels. "What is it, my little friends?" "We have a musango", replies one, "and we come to argue it. Let the Mukuru judge between us." The first kneels— for such is the proper posture—and begins thus: "My friend here and I were in the kigango (a shed serving the Fathers as a school) when stones (hail) began to fall. My friend said to me: "I'll you will run under the stones to the medicine house, I will give you a cowry. I started and ran to the medicine house. I came back and asked my friend for the cowry, but he refuses and even takes away my lubugo. See, he has it in his hands, and I remain in my nepale (trousers). I have finished". Then he again squatted on his heels. The second laid the lubugo on the ground before him and spoke gravely as follows: "My friend here was with me in the Fathers' kigango. It thundered, and stones fell from the sky. I said to my friend: "You are not frightened? He replied: "Not more than you are. Then I said: "Then, run under the stones to the medicine house and when you come back I will give you a cowry. He started, put his lubugo on his head, ran to the medicine house, came back and asked me for a cowry. I said; "You did not run under the stones; you ran under your lubugo; you owe me the stake, so I take your lubugo—I have finished." Then he sat on his heels, and both pleaders waited in silence. The judge delivered judgment as follows: "You, who ran, had recourse to a ruse, and so you do not deserve the cowry. You, who made the other run, did wrong to take your friend's lubugo whose value is much greater than a cowry. Return the lubugo to its owner, and to reward you both for your clever pleading, I will give the cowry myself." This judgment was received with many repetitions of "tweyanze" ("your judgment is good. We thank you") and the youngsters ran away joyfully to share the proceeds of the suit.

Another characteristic feature of the Buganda people is the child's independence as soon as he can dispense with his mother's care. "Where are you going, Restituta? I asked a

little girl, two years old, who was staidly walking up Rubaga hill. "To the Mission," she replied gravely without turning aside. It was a half hour's walk and she was alone . . .

**SURGERY.** —The Baganda possess still another talent. There are skillful surgeons among them, although they have not followed European clinics. The kakitiro, Stanislas Mugwanga, for instance, excels in the art of setting broken limbs. He does not do so like a common bonesetter; he can at need remove a splintered bone and replace it by a bone from a goat and make the whole knit together with time and skillful bandaging.

**POLITENESS AND DELICACY OF FEELING.**—Politeness is the natural result of such respectful habits; probably also such education has, while raising the Baganda above the ordinary level of the negro races, bred delicacy of feelings in them. One day one of our Sisters, who was about to leave Uganda, was chatting with her young pupils. They told her that they were attached to her, and she said jokingly: "We have a proverb: "Out of sight, out of mind", so you will forget me when I am gone. "Sister," one of them replied, "we have a better and a truer proverb than yours, which is: If you go away from me, I keep you in my heart."

**HOSPITALITY AND DISINTERESTEDNESS.** When a stranger arrives, the well-bred people call on him first and bring him a bugenyi (a gift offered to every stranger). Elsewhere it is commonly said that the negroes follow the principle of "do ut des", (I give in order that you may give), but it is otherwise here. When one tries to give a Baganda an equivalent in return for his present, he always says: "I am not selling this; I bring you this gift because I like you." One must await an opportunity to return the pledge of friendship in a more delicate manner.

. . . .A joyous child of Providence he expects his daily food from it, like the birds of his forests. This disinterestedness leads him to heartily practise the most cordial hospitality. The passing stranger has a right to his food and may take what he needs in the banana plantation or in the

field. This is not stealing because the law recognizes such right. He can even enter any hut on his road and instal himself near the fire; his involuntary host will at once place his wood and kettle at his disposal to cook his "mmere" and the family will wait until the stranger is first served. . . .

On the 19th June 1905, about two months before her death, Mother Claver wrote one of her last letters from which we extract the following passages. These touching lines, a clear and faithful echo of her life, were in reality her swan-song.

USHIRUMBO, 19TH JUNE 1905.

DEAREST MOTHER,

Have the stories of my travels not carried you along with me in my journey to some extent. I may add in confidence,—because the journal I send you does not mention it—that God is very good on a journey. Travelling does not divert my thoughts from Him, for He is always with me while my travelling companions change, and whether I go to Buddu, to Kiziba or to Ushirumbo on the north, or to the west or south side of the lake, He is ever there, ever in the tabernacle which I find everywhere and, above all, in my heart, so that, in the grass forest as in the machilla (a litter like a hammock carried by negroes), on the water as on the roads, we never leave each other.

With regard to the Mission, the letter I sent you yesterday, or rather the report to our Reverend Mother, will tell you what I think. My heart is chiefly filled with admiration for the immense work, to be continued indefinitely, undertaken under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, by our venerated Founder, and carried out and continued by his sons; with gratitude for the divine mercy showered upon these happy negro nations and also for the share allotted us in the marvellous work I have mentioned; with ardent desire to spread, multiply and diffuse means of action to reach those millions of souls who do not yet share in the benefits of the Missions. You may imagine all these things from afar, but when one sees them on the spot, there is the same difference as between Faith and Vision. . . . Really I should

never have thought the negroes to be so intelligent even outside of Uganda, so open to the truth, so susceptible of training, education and elevation."

In fine, you will find that my letter has an ascending tone of enthusiasm. But I assure you, nevertheless, that I look upon everything with great calm though with ardor. "*Ad-veniat regnum tuum, fiat voluntas tua, sicut in celo et in terra.*"

They, above all, who have been pleased to peruse the foregoing most attractive pages, will not fail to take a lively and respectful interest in Mother Claver. Such persons will doubtless desire to know how the extraordinary journey ended, which was to last two years and which, after twelve months, was interrupted by her passage to eternity.

We take what follows from the story of Sister St-Joachim who accompanied her, and this will conclude the narrative.

From Tembwe to Mpala, the journey, begun in boats on the Tanganika, greatly fatigued Mother Claver. She thought it would be better to continue it on foot with a companion and a guide. But she had not reckoned on the length and difficulties of the route in arid regions and under a burning sun. Her strength was not equal to her courage and her zeal, and she reached Mpala in a state of complete exhaustion. On the following day, she could barely leave her bed for a few minutes to receive holy communion. On the 15th, by a short note, promising a long letter which was never written, she announced her arrival to the Rev. Mother Superior General, but said not a word about herself, her fatigue or her illness. Her condition grew worse during the following days notwithstanding the devoted and intelligent care that was lavished on her. There was also a good physician at Mpala. She was able, however, to briefly relate to her Sisters the principal incidents of her inspection tour. Then came the end which she meekly accepted.

This touching description of her last moments from the narrative is as follows :

"Death was nigh. The pious dying Sister heard its

announcement without loss of calmness or glad peacefulness, and, on the 24th August, in the morning, after holy mass, surrounded by the Sisters who smothered their tears to not disturb her serene agony, and responding with a slight sigh to the final absolution, Mother Claver appeared before her God. This was on the vigil of the feast of St. Louis, her patron in holy baptism, and on that day the Church celebrated the feast of an apostle.

The poor blacks came in crowds to the chapel to pray around the venerated deceased whose sweet face wore the smile of a heavenly joy. The funeral service was a simple one, as it was all the pomp her humility would have desired.

Let all who read these lines devote a remembrance and a prayer to this soul that was so good and beautiful among all."



A MISSIONARY'S GRAVE

"God shall find it."

## **STATE OF THE MISSIONS OF THE WHITE FATHERS AND OF THE WHITE SISTERS**

### **Incredible, Marvellous Investment !**

Notice to persons interested in good works and to "speculators" who are attracted by "large profits".

We are sure our readers will be interested in details showing the condition of the enduring works which the alms of many have helped to found and develop. We think such details will even interest those who are much more preoccupied with investments for this world than with investments for the world to come, for we count upon their attentively reading the following pages and upon the certainty of their being convinced by the sound "common sense" of the conclusions to be drawn from them.

In contrast to the most brilliant budget speeches, which call for millions in exchange very frequently for slight returns, these unadorned, straightforward reports on the Missions show the work done and the results achieved with comparatively very small pecuniary means. They, likewise, give some idea of the vast fields to be opened up and cultivated, and of the rich harvests to be gathered in. . . .

Great and good works are founded and upheld by devotedness and sacrifice, but money also is needed. If this were but understood, if the same zeal that so abundantly fills the coffers of the bible societies and of the Protestant missions could only be found among those who know the truth and could spread in the direction of the Catholic missions; if people would but reflect a little, it would neither be the "inexhaustible mines of Africa," nor the "rich African or other undertakings," but it would rather be "works of philanthropy, charity, civilization and evangelization"—with the "Missionaries and Sisters" and even the "humble negro catechists" as "directors" and "managers"—that would appear to offer the really profitable investments.

Then there would be fewer hunting for openings for "transient speculation" and more of those seeking "per-



manent investments," with a perspective of "sure" though apparently "fabulous" "dividends", without any "risk" and at a "comparatively slight and insignificant outlay."

May the number of such truly wise and prudent "speculators" become "legion"!

We regret that want of space compels us to sum up in telegraphic style many of those interesting pages, but the pith remains as food for those who may desire it.

## **SOCIETY OF THE WHITE FATHERS**

### **Account of the Missions and Works in 1910**

Dear Benefactors,

It is but fair that we render an account year by year of the progress and success of our Missions, and it affords us much pleasure to do so.

These Missions are yours, since, if the Missionaries devote themselves to them in accordance with their holy vocation, your money enables them to live just as your gifts enable them to found, maintain and develop these works of zeal.

The following is a general statement of all the Missions, the sacraments administered and the works of charity performed during the past year:

### **I. STAFF OF THE MISSIONS**

**STATIONS.**—Number of stations: 115 at the close of the year; last year it was 105. This is little and yet much. Little—1. If one reflect on the vast regions that have not yet heard a word of the Gospel; 2. That many nations which do not know the truth would be ripe for it; 2. That the ministers of heresy possess ample means for sowing the tares of error.

Much—1. If one thinks of the Missionaries' sufferings in establishing Christianity; 2. If one remembers especially that ten more stations mean ten more places where the Victim of infinite price is offered up daily to the Divine Majesty; 3. That these are new tabernacles wherein the Bread

of Life, the Good Shepherd, the Ocean of Mercy, dwells;  
4. That ten additional Missions mean ten new shrines where the good Mother is loved and prayed to and fulfills her mission as the Gate of Heaven.

**MISSIONARIES.**—During the past year over fifty Missionaries took the road to the Missions, some of them for the first time. When the statistics were made up, 480 were engaged in the work of evangelizing the infidels. If no more were available for the task to be performed; if fifty went away, it was due to the fact that vacancies, — too many alas! — occurred; those who were exhausted had to seek rest and eleven were called by God to himself during the year.

Among these beloved dead we may mention Mgr. H. Bazin, R. F. Guerin, Father Loupias, who fell beneath the spear of a rebellious chief, and young Father Dauban who died at sea.

**CATECHISTS.**—Missionaries may multiply themselves as much as they please; they cannot do everything; native assistants are needed and in all the Missions there are catechists who render invaluable services. Consequently we strive to increase their number which is now 1809 and 232 were secured during the past year. To maintain a catechist (at \$15 a year) is truly doing an apostolic work.

## **II. ADMINISTRATION OF THE SACRAMENTS**

**BAPTISMS.**—This is a very comforting chapter: 7193 abandoned Paganism and Islamism and many more Protestantism to become children of the Church. Catechists must, without exception, prepare for baptism during four years; thus they are earnest and instructed recruits on whom we may rely. Children of Christian parents are brought to the station as soon as they are born to be baptized; 5840 were so brought this year. Baptized while dying, 11,197, who ascended to heaven. What a beautiful sheaf which should more than amply suffice to compensate for all the Missionaries' labors and all the alms given, even if no other result were achieved. Grand total of baptisms, 24,232.

**CONFIRMATIONS AND MARRIAGES.**—9,448 neophytes were confirmed. There were 1,762 marriages, making so many Catholic homes, where children are born to God. Unfortunately too many young blacks, who are old enough to marry, are prevented from so doing by the traditional dowry, which is too great, or by the taxes, which are too heavy.

**CONFESSIONS AND COMMUNIONS.**—91,470 confessions and 287,779 communions more than during the previous year.

### **III. CHARITABLE WORKS**

**CARE OF THE SICK.**—To care for the sick is to imitate the Savior in His public life. It is also our Missionaries' first work wherever they establish themselves. One million, two hundred thousand (1,202,035, to be precise) sick were cared for at our stations.

**Dispensaries, Hospitals, Leper-houses, Asylums.**—Open every day; attendance and medicines free of charge; 60 hospitals shelter, dress wounds and sores, and support the injured and infirm; 3 leper-houses receive the poor blacks who are attacked by leprosy which eats away their feet, hands and faces.

**Fifty Orphanages and Asylums** shelter homeless old people, sickly children, cripples and those who have been freed from slavery or have no means of support. Here is seen the wonderful blossoming of works of mercy especially when one considers the slight resources at the disposal of the apostolate to meet so many expenses.

**Schools.**—A good thousand are opened in the stations or are kept by catechist teachers of both sexes for the instruction of the little Africans—31870 boys and 16931 girls.

### **CONCLUSION**

Such, dear benefactors, is a summary of the state of our Missions and of our works during the year just ended.

It seems to us that we should give praise to God both for the work done by our Missionaries in Africa and for the

marvels He has caused to be wrought by means of your alms and generous prayers.

To promote God's glory, that is, to make Him known, loved and served by the Africans, our brothers ; to save souls by preaching the Gospel and by charitable works, such is our sole object.

God's glory has been promoted, a number of souls have been saved. Praise be to Him forever !

The Missionaries cannot rest until all the harvest is garnered. In our dear African Missions, the harvest is only beginning and needs both laborers and resources. The laborers are the Missionaries. May their number be increased tenfold as soon as possible ! The resources come from you, dear benefactors. You will continue to aid us and we thank you beforehand in the name Our Lord and of the souls of our poor people.



RUBAGA—ONE CONVERT

## **APOSTOLIC VICARIATE OF NORTHERN NYANZA**

**Station of Our Lady of Lourdes, Hoïma.—Letter of R. F. Drost to his friends and benefactors in Canada**

### **PROLOGUE**

R. F. Drost is well known in Canada. He lived in Quebec for six consecutive years, from August 12th, 1901, to June 29th, 1907. He then left for the Northern Nyanza Mission and has been Superior of the Hoïma station since 1909. This station, the furthest inland of the Vicariate, was founded in 1900. The work of the Missionaries is very difficult there: the district is immense as well as poor; famine prevails almost continually and the climate is very trying to health.

Four Missionary priests evangelize that region. According to the statistics of the British Government which has established a protectorate there, the permanent population of the kingdom of Bounyoro is put down at 240,000. Alas! as R. F. Drost writes us sorrowfully, what can four Missionaries do to evangelize so numerous and so scattered a people? One of the fellow laborers of the Superior of Hoïma, is a countryman of ours, Father Omer Beaudoin. Ordained a priest on the 29th June 1909, he was sent to the Vicariate of Northern Nyanza and, on his arrival, was rejoiced to find there R. F. Drost, whom he had known while a postulant in Quebec.

We will gratefully receive any alms that may be sent us for the beloved Missionaries and their works.

Our Lady of Lourdes, Hoïma, January 1911.

Dear Friends and Benefactors,

We, F. Omer Beaudoin and myself, are impelled by gratitude to thank you and give you some news about our station and the dear Banyora whom we are evangelizing.

### **I. OUR CHRISTENDOM IN 1910**

(We again regret that we are obliged to abridge through lack of space).

The station of Our Lady of Lourdes has 2189 neophytes and 6721 catechumens ; that is, nearly 9,000 poor blacks who know God and wish to serve Him. This year, we baptized 521 Banyora, classified as follows : 279 adults regenerated after a four years' catechumenate ; 88 born of Catholic parents and 134 dying ones, chiefly children, who ascended to heaven. The following figures prove their fervor : 15,093 confessions heard and 42,164 communions among less than 1,900 communicants.

CATECHISTS. —91 who have been very useful in recruiting and instructing catechumens ; 30 teach regularly in the little chapels of their villages, the number of children in the various schools being 556 boys and 233 girls. This number could be doubled in a few weeks if I had the means to buy slates, paper, books, etc. My poverty does not allow of my doing more, for the teachers must be fed and clothed before we can think of the children.

#### II. CHRISTMAS AT HOIMA

Let me tell you about our Christmas celebration which was beautiful and edifying. Dear F. Beaudoin had spared no trouble to decorate our wretched church which is built of reeds. He succeeded so well that it looked charming in its verdure and less unworthy of God. The statue of our holy patroness stood amidst tall palms ; the altar appeared to be reared in a pretty, clump of flowers made of red and white paper roses, and the church, all hung with garlands, wore a festive appearance. Then a fine 'crib with the usual figures, made of paper, (We are not rich), framed in with green plants, which delighted our negroes. Some venetian lanterns, suspended here and there, supplied light for the evening offices. Truly it may be said that pretty things may be made and many be rendered happy with little trifles and we heartily thanks our friends in Canada who think of us and help us. To the decoration of the temple must be added the preparation of the congregation for the feast ; many confessions were heard. At 11 o'clock the church doors were opened and, half an hour afterwards, not a place was unoccupied. The singing of hymns and the recitation

of the rosary prepared the people for the holy sacrifice. At midnight precisely, our colleague who had charge of the singing, intoned the Christmas hymn.

Assisted by Fathers Beaudoin and Basse, I ascended the altar steps, happy to celebrate mass for the intentions of our Canadian benefactors and benefactresses. We endeavored to obtain the graces you need, both out of gratitude and in order to deserve the continuation of your kind charity. At the communion, 1200 neophytes received the Eucharistic bread. If the apostolate be laborious, what a comfort it is to distribute the body of Christ to so well disposed a flock? Our dear blacks deserve praise for coming to celebrate Christmas with us, because famine prevails at Hoïma. We have seen old men living on two potatoes a day: one man had eaten nothing the day before and asked me, notwithstanding, whether he could receive communion; he had smoked his pipe to keep off hunger and was afraid he had been wanting in respect to the holy Eucharist. After high mass in the daytime, the Christians went to their homes, some several leagues away and others at a distance of two or three days' march.

Dear friends and benefactors, please thank the Divine Master for the good He has given us to do this year. Please also continue to extend to us the assistance of your prayers and charity. What you do for our dear blacks, you do for God and He will reward you.

B. DROST,  
of the White Fathers.



ON NYANZA LAKE

## **APOSTOLIC VICARIATE OF SOUTHERN NYANZA**

### **The Black Seminarists**

"It seems to me," a pious person recently said to me, "that I could die more peacefully if I left behind me a scholarship, which would forever secure the education of black priests. I should benefit by the prayers, the merits and the holy masses of those priests, as I should have my share of their zealous works and God would have mercy on me."

And the great Pope Innocent XI wrote to a Missionary Bishop, who had sent him an account of his labors :

"We would prefer to see you ordain one priest in those countries than see you convert 50,000 infidels there."

In writing these plain words, the Pope was acting as the Vicar of Jesus Christ.

Our vicariates have minor seminaries, those of Northern Nyanza, l'Ounyanyembé, Tanganika, Upper Congo. Three already have High Seminaries, namely : Northern Nyanza and Upper Congo.

### **Seminary of Our Lady of the Presentation at Roubia**

His Lordship Mgr. Hirth thanks a generous benefactor for a scholarship for one of his high seminaries for blacks (Perpetual scholarship \$450.00 ; for one year, \$20.00.) The minor seminary adjoins the high seminary. It has 72 students : 24 in the sixth, 18 in the fifth, 20 in the third class and 10 in the rhetoric class. The chief object is to train priests and good catechists. This work of educating young blacks with the view of making them priests was begun in 1903 and seems to be blessed by God.

A. RIOLLIER,  
of the White Fathers.

Roubia, 11th February, 1911.

Let us hope that imitators of this generous benefactor will be found in Canada !



**KABYLIA MISSIONS IN 1910.**—Islam is being more and more encroached upon by the Gospel. Neophytes and catechumens are increasing in numbers. The rough maintainers of Jurgura, formerly so hostile, are drawing nearer to the Fathers, calling for them, and asking their advice and it is clear that at present the Christian marabouts hold a high place in their social life. The neophytes are fervent and communions frequent and more and more in honor. A wind of grace is blowing over Kabylia. The majority of the converts are recruited through the schools; there, as elsewhere, children are the choice portion of the flock of Jesus Christ. Little Jean Marie lay dying when the Sister suggested some pious invocations to him and he said: "More, more, it does me good!" Little Theresa noticed that her mother had not been to communion and she said to her reproachfully: "You have not been good today, Mama, because you did not go to communion this morning." Little Achour, who was going with his brother to pass the night with some relatives, said to him: "The presence of the Mussulmen must not prevent us from saying our prayers". And without ostentation, they knelt down and said the evening prayer. Little girls, who were playing in the shade under the trees and went to continue their game on in the sun near Our Lady's statue, said to the priest when he asked them why they did so? "Under the eucalyptus, we quarrelled like little Mahometan girls, but we shall be good near the Blessed Virgin". Little Adjila, who was making a grotto for Christmas, noticed that the Infant Jesus had no hair, so she took the scissors and cut off her finest tresses to put them on the Child.

#### **OUR BLACK CHRISTIANS AND THE EUCHARIST**

Readers of the Bulletin often admire the transformation effected in our poor negroes. Yesterday they were Pagans and believed in fetishes; today they are fervent Christians; yesterday they were savages, barbarians, and cruel; today they are as meek as lambs under the Missionary's crook; yesterday they were steeped in all the vices of infidelity; today they are tender souls wherein the blessed fruits of

the virtues are generated. Every month, the African Missions bring to light some of these flowers of true charity which devote and forget themselves, flowers which the nascent church of central Africa sees blooming under its fiery sun.

How mysterious say some, is this transformation of Pagan souls! No, there is no mystery there is only a secret in it which we will reveal.

He, who has brought about these sweet fruits of charity in our neophytes, is He who is Sweetness and Love, our Emmanuel, Jesus in the Eucharist. Baptism received after four years of instruction, trial and desire, creates in these souls a free life, a participation in the divine life, and they feel as if instinctively that to preserve this life and not regress into the horrors of Paganism, and to increase and strengthen it, they must go to Christ, God and Man, who has won it Himself for them and who is the Bread of Life.

Let us enter these Mission churches where our Christians are already somewhat numerous. Day and night poor as they are themselves, the Redeemer of the world, the King of Ages, the friend of the weak and humble, dwells among his African children. He is seldom, very seldom, to be found alone.

Visitors succeed one another before His tabernacle, kneeling or sitting on the carefully trimmed grass which covers the earth like a carpet, the one like the good old man of whom the holy pastors of Ars used to speak "the old man" and the Master advises them"; of people wearily shaking their heads, which never leave them; others again to prepare themselves for confession, await their turn to enter the confessional or perform their penance. When Christians already number thousands their desire to purify themselves by the sacrament of pardon is so great that their presence in the church for that purpose is sufficient to prevent the God of the Eucharist from being left alone for a moment.

It is said that the fervor of a parish may be judged by the fervor of the faithful in hearing Mass. The fact is that the perpetual memory of the Eucharist is the Eucharistic

sacrifice, is the centre of the devotion we owe to our God, the pre-eminent act of religion. At dawn every day the Christians who are not prevented, by distance or by their work, from doing so come to the church at the sound of the drums. After the morning prayer and the Angelus have been said by one of the catechists, all, ranged in good order, the men and boys on one side, the women and girls on the other, assist with irreproachable demeanor at the oblation of the Victim, following in their hearts and with their souls each rite performed by the priest, a sight which moves the missionaries and produces a deep impression on them. As the sun descends to the horizon, the drums again call the faithful to adore the God of the Eucharist to adore Him once more under His sacramental species in common.

But that which always brings tears to the eyes of a colleague who comes to a large Mission in a country of blacks,



VILLA MARIA—SCHOOL TO THE LITTLE NEGROS

and which for ever also fire his heart with a holy affection for these souls, is the spectacle of the Sunday mass. All the people, in holiday attire come down from the hills or up from the valleys; the crowd fills the church in perfect order; not a head is turned, not a profane word heard; the chants of the holy liturgy: the Asperges, Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, etc,

issue from their lips and ascend to the God of the tabernacle to whom they address themselves. These hearts and voices of Christian blacks blend as one heart and one voice to express on behalf of the Church, to the Spouse who immolates himself, their adoration, praise and thanksgiving. All this moves the soul of the newcomer, his heart beats with ineffable joy, tears flow down his cheeks, while his lips murmur : " I thank thee, my God, for having called me to the apostolate ! " For, is not the sight of negroes, whose very name not long ago inspired so much fear and contempt, kneeling in crowds and praying with filial respect, already for his soul the promised hundred-fold reward.

Ah ! if our generous young people were only witnesses also of all these things ! How they would fly to this vast field of the Father, whereof the few barely cultivated acres, yield such abundant harvests !

Sunday afternoon finds these Benjamins of Christ assembled once more. They come to pay their respects to the Sacred Host (O Salutaris Hostia !) To venerate and adore it. (*Veneremur cernui. Adoremus in æternum*) ; to receive its blessing and in return to urge their brothers, the peoples who are still infidels, to praise the God of infinite mercy.

Of course, their voices are neither as marvellously fine as those of the angels of Bethlehem nor as sweet as that of the Blessed Virgin rocking to sleep our Brother, her first-born, but Christ recognizes them and loves their rude harmony : they are the voices of His redeemed ones, who will soon sing the eternal Hosanna and Alleluia, with the Cherubim and the people of the elect.

The transformation effected in the souls of our blacks is therefore not to be wondered at ; they love the Eucharist ; they visit and honor it and Christ's goodness and sweetness improve and soften their hearts by such daily contact. Still more, those hearts and voices which daily unite in prayer and praise to their God, naturally remain united by Christian charity in the practices of life and perform its acts no less naturally.

## **OUR CHRISTIANS NOURISH THEMSELVES WITH THE EUCHARIST**

Love tends every where to union ; loving the God who has made himself the Bread of Life, our Christians are eager to nourish themselves with it.

**NOTRE DAME DE LOURDES.**—We were recently told by the Superior of Our Lady of Lourdes, at Chilonga, that deprivation of communion is a great punishment for our néophytes who realize that if the body needs food so also does the soul. Out of 250 communicants in his young Christendom, from 140 to 150 approach the holy table on Sunday and the average number on week-days is never less than 30.

**VILLA MARIA.**—At the large station of Villa Maria, many receive communion frequently and about 100 do so every morning. "The 59,000 confessions mentioned in the statistics," writes F. Gorju, show that the congregation is assiduous at confession, while the accurately ascertained number of 101,847 hosts distributed this year indicates progress and frequent communion." But, as the same Father remarks, what an amount of work on the Missionaries' part do not these same figures indicate?

**ST-MARY OF RUBAGA.**—This is as prosperous a Mission as Villa Maria and the aggregate of the work is still higher : communions, 104,871 in the church of Rubaga ; confessions : 4,112 in journeys through the district.

**ST MARY OF KISUBL.**—A humble Mission formerly full of life : good soil and lakes well stocked with fish, enabling the blacks to live in comfort. The sleeping sickness has multiplied deaths, widows and orphans. The entire population is reduced to 1246 persons, but what hunger for the Bread of Life !

28,344 communions during the year. F. Van Ertrick reports as follows : "The crusade of Pius X for frequent communion has not been fruitless. Referring only to the

two months that followed the paschal retreat, the number of those who received communion amounted to 2337 and 2443 respectively, a considerable number for Kisubi and one that must have gladdened the divine Prisoner in the Tabernacle. Every Sunday, over 200, and every day about 40 Christians approach the holy table."

In 1898, the confessions numbered 181,798 and the communions 174,755; in 1910, they were 998,251 and 1,767,778 respectively.

We might go to 115 stations and everywhere see the Missionaries calling the faithful to the holy table and the latter responding with piety and zeal.

The secret is revealed. Our dear blacks love the God of the Eucharist, who is a guest in their villages. They often nourish themselves with His sacred body and that food transforms them by infusing into them the life, feelings and thoughts of Christ. In view of such results, zeal has but two regrets:

**That the laborers in the Lord's vineyard are not more numerous.**

**That it is deplorable that so many wasted resources, profaned in the pursuit of pleasure, amusement, sensuality and vanity, are not devoted to the holy works of the apostolate.**

To whom, after the Redeemer, are the marvels we have just related due? To the Missionaries' work, to the prayers and alms of Catholics, who for the sake of God and of souls, generously retrench expenses connected with sensuality, vanity and pleasure. May such Catholics have many imitators!

## **REVIEW OF THE WORK OF THE SISTERS' CONGREGATION**

**Period from 1908 to 1911**

Three years have elapsed since the statement of our work was published. In response to the kindness of our benefactors and readers, we request them to glance at the statement for the past three years. They will see the progress made at the posts where the Congregation is already

installed and these recently founded either at the request of the Apostolic Vicars or on the initiative of the Sisters themselves. May this slight review maintain existing sympathies and attract fresh ones to our work !

**RECENT FOUNDATIONS.**—15 houses of Sisters established from 1908 to 1911, as follows in order of date : MWAZYE, TANGANIKI, MUYAGA, URUNDI, ISSAVI, KWANDA, MOMBASSA, VICARIATE OF ZANZIBAR, KITA, SOUDAN, KACONDO, KISIBA, TUNIS, NYANDA, RWANDA.

**ST-CHARLES ORPHANAGE.** 60 children ; not all good ; Arab character ; violent impulses and stubborn independence manifest themselves sometimes ; but very lively faith, sincere piety, generous efforts to repress evil inclinations ; good-hearted and very grateful. They greatly love their godmothers although they have never seen them. If some of them recommend an intention, we hear after evening prayers a child's voice, saying : " For the godmother of so and so ; may her son be successful in his examinations ; for good Mrs. X, who is sick. Our Father, etc. " Sometimes there is a whole litany of these requests and the mistress has to recite a Pater and Ave for the persons recommended. The girls from the orphanage for whom places are obtained or who get married keep up their friendly relations with their first teachers and prove that they are kind-hearted even if sometimes headstrong.

The small work-room of St-Charles is a source of comfort although in a Mahometan land. It is possible that the harvest may be a rich one later on. The assiduity and good dispositions of the pupils lead us to hope for this



## KABYLIA

Mountainous and picturesque country, called the Switzerland of Africa. Six mission posts.

OUAD'HIAS.—The oldest, opened in 1878; a flourishing Christendom; many children come to catechism; the work-room is attended by many and the dispensary by more. Several families living far away come long distances on great feast days and all receive communion.

Ferhat, an old Mussulman, nearly 80 years old, has eight children, four of whom are Christians. He had long desired baptism, but human respect, interest and fear of making enemies held him back. Grace finally won the victory: when he became ill, he sent for the Missionary, abjured Mahometanism and piously received baptism. He sent for the Kabyles of the neighborhood and told them that he wanted to die a Christian and believed all the dogmas taught by the Fathers and expired piously shortly afterwards. He is probably indebted for the grace he received to the prayers of his two daughters, Julie and Antoinette, two of our former pupils, who are Christians full of energy and faith.

Another old man said to his grandson: "Do you go to mass at the Fathers?" "Yes, he timidly replied. "What do you do in the chapel?" "I pray." "You know how to pray; what do you say?" The six years old child became quite serious, took off his chechia, folded his arms and piously recited the Pater and Ave in Arabic. Surprised and touched by the beauty of the divine words, the old man wept; he took his grandson in his arms, pressed him to his heart and kissed his forehead, saying; "How beautiful is the Christians' prayer!" Two days afterwards he said he wished to become a Christian; he is already among the catechumens who number 54 and he is the oldest.

The Kabyles willingly become naturalized and make very good and proud citizens. Noel and Marie are a happy couple; a daughter is born to them to their great joy. Delphine, a good Kabyle Christian, wants to be the god mother. Noel objects because he cannot consent as a naturalized



French citizen. What is to be done? The Sisters cannot act and Kabyle custom does not allow Noel to carry the child to the church himself. The Mother Superior solves the difficulties by declaring that all the Christians of Kabylia are French.

TAGUEMONT.—There was a fine celebration on the occasion of the visit of the auxiliary bishop of Algiers, Mgr. Piquemal. The Catholic religion is making progress, though less than at Ouad'hias. The Sisters have a school for the little Kabyle girls: 27 of them know their catechism well, love God with all their hearts and several have made their first communion this year.

BENI-ISMAEL.—The return of several Christians to religious practices gladdens the Missionaries. As elsewhere, the old women are more difficult to convert; they are more fanatical, because they are more ignorant and attached to superstitious customs and belief in witchcraft.

ST-EUGENIA.—The St-Eugenia hospital at Michelet has a fair attendance; free consultations and great success. The Sisters are well received when walking about the neighborhood. If they delay in returning either for the catechism or for the sick, they are sought for. During one of their excursions, the Sisters sat under a tree while one read aloud to them. Three women drew near, asking: "What does the book say?" "It tells us to pray, love and be charitable." One of the women then said: "We know not how to pray." "Teach us." "Willingly", answered the Sister, and she continued: "O my God and infinitely good Father! I love Thee, forgive me as I forgive others; show me the road to reach Thee!" The women exclaimed: "You have heaven's words; your knowledge is higher than the summits of our highest mountains; you have nothing more to learn." Some time afterwards when the Sisters passed by on their return, one of the women called out: "Come quick and listen to her who has spoken such beautiful words of heaven to us." Sister St-Severin spoke to them of God, of sin, of forgiveness of offences, and all manifested a great desire to learn. There is a strong movement towards conversion in this part

of Kabylia: whole families are abandoning Islamism for Catholicism. It is very touching to baptize three generations at times. Let us hope that the tribes will be moved and that the Kabyles, who were formerly Christians, will return to the faith of their forefathers !

IRI-ALI.—The number of catechumens is increasing ; the people are active and intelligent ; a native keeps the post office ; the men have a taste for trade and travel ; they like religious chants and sing them heartily, if not always in harmony. There are 70 pupils in the work-room. The Sisters go frequently on excursions to the neighboring villages.



DISPENSARY OF DJEMAA-SARIDI

DJEMMAA-SARIDI! The Sisters' work is greatly hampered by Methodist propagandism and there are few conversions. There is a minister here with 3 or 4 deaconesses. As they have much more money than we, they scatter their

falsified bibles plentifully and give tea and cakes to those who go and sing their hymns. The Kabyles go there more through curiosity and interest than conviction. When they suffer they come to the Sisters for help notwithstanding. In a single year Sister Mathilda and her companions cared for 21, 120 sick; the weaving and making of woollen carpets in the work room are distinguished for the finish and beauty of the work.

PLAINE DU CHETIFE—has three houses of Sisters: the St-Elizabeth, St-Monica and Carnot hospitals. The diaries of these posts are very comforting. They tell of the return of wanderers from the fold, of the conversion of adult Arabs, instances of profound piety among Christian Arabs; the veneration and, one might say, the devotion of Mussulmen for Mary give great hopes. The name of Lala-Miriam comes naturally to their lips and they put their children under her protection. "What name do you wish to give your daughter, a young mother was asked?—This, she replied, is the house of God and of Lala-Miriam. As she was born here she shall be called Miriam, although our religion requires that the first born be called Mohamed or Fatima." Recently an Arab was settling accounts with the Superioress. "Here he said, slipping in a piece of silver, this is for the Holy Virgin." Worthy Djilali! Give to her whom you love without knowing her; she will not allow herself to be outdone in generosity.

Our Queen showers grace on the Arabs as may be seen by facts such as the following: On the feast of the Immaculate Conception, an old woman came to the hospital whose face was a mass of sores. It was evident that she could not live long and she was prepared for baptism. The Father saw her several times and had the happiness of baptizing her under the name of Mary Charlotte; but, as it was difficult to find a place on her poor face to pour the water on, he poured it on the part of a lip that was least eaten away. She soon expired and went to Paradise.

While in her hut she felt that she was going to die and told her husband to take her to the hospital. When he ob-

jected that she might die on the way, she said : " Never mind, If you refuse me, I will not forgive you either in this world on in the next. " Guided by grace, she was seeking baptism.

### AURES

ARRIS.—This mission has been increased by the marriage of several of our children with catechumens brought up by the Missionaries. As a rule the betrothed are baptized some time before the marriage, then come the sacraments of Penance and the Eucharist, and on the marriage day both converts receive holy communion.

The Christian women are charitable among themselves, the many services they render each other produce a good impression on the Chaouiates who say : " These women are really good. They do not quarrel ; they love and help each other. Is their religion better than that of the Prophet ? "

### SAHARA

BISKRA.—The Sisters have not spared themselves this year in caring for the typhoid patients whom the authorities put in a camp in the gardens. Cartloads of poor sick persons were brought in who had taken refuge in the coffee houses of the market, but were driven away by the owners and cast into the streets, because they feared to lose customers ; others were placed in " foudouks " (a sort of inn) ; several died before finding the life of the soul in the hospital ; the majority recovered. A Sister contracted the terrible disease and was at death's door ; she received the last sacraments, took her perpetual vows on her death-bed and recovered as by a miracle.

The work-room is doing very well and turns out perfect imitations of the old carpets of Morocco and Setif ; vegetable dyes reproduce the colours whereof the Arabs had lost the secret ; a number of women and girls are engaged in various kinds of weaving and embroidery. We hope to develop this industry still more, as it will provide the poor with means to contend against poverty and lack of economy, while it will enable us to exercise a beneficent and moralizing influence on this interesting population.

**GHARDAIA AND LAGHOUAT.**—This is the southern region of Algeria and already part of the desert. These two posts loom up among the sands amid charming palm-groves and possess very dense populations of different characters and aspects : those of Ghardaia, where the people are Mozabite, are fanatical and mercantile, the Jews of Islam ; those of Laghouat where the people are gay, liberally disposed, are fond less of gain, rather Algerian and sympathetic to France.

At Ghardaia the nimble fingers of our young work-women turn out graceful tissues with delicate tints on the plain white background of the Arabian hangings ; at Laghouat the speciality consists of bright djerbis with original ornamentation.

The Sahara Mission has experienced great sorrow through the loss of its venerated Apostolic Prefect, R. J. Guerin, who fell a victim to his devotedness and who was respected by Christians and Mozabites alike.

## **TUNISIA**

**LA MARSA.**—In compliance with the request of families and because the establishment no longer responds to the title of " Refuge " given by our venerated Founder, this is now called " Our Lady of Africa ". There are about 50 children, chiefly Italians. It fulfils the twofold purpose of a home and of a training school where young girls learn trades. At La Marsa the Sisters train laundresses, ironers, lace-makers and seamstresses. Two children have entered as novices with the Sisters of the Christian Doctrine in Algiers. The dispensary attends to the wants of many sick.

**CARTHAGE.**—There is an orphanage for about 30 little girls, who are not Italians, but mostly French, Syrian Maltese or Tunisian ; 14 have first made their first communion.

**TUNIS.**—In the month of May the Sisters became nurses in the dispensary of the Red Cross, which is much resorted to by the natives. A work-room has been opened. When Sister Xaverina came, a good old Mussulman brought 7 nice

pupils and said : " Sister, I dont know what there is in you that attracts children ; my daughter who would never go to learn with the Michallama, has given me no rest until I brought her. I know you wish to do what is right. Do what you like with her. "

These recruits brought others ; all are submissive and obliging, and marvellously apt in learning the work they are taught.

THIBAR. -This is ever a small model Christendom, consisting of some fifteen Arab families, the men of which have been brought up by the Missionaries and the women at St-Charles. They live in harmony and practise religion with much fervor ; there are already many children who are assiduous in attendance at school. These children are charming and reveal the tender piety that is in their hearts. Abd-Jesus, a black, one of their comrades, died a very pious death. " Ah ! said little Valentine. God took Abd-Jesus to make an angel of him. No doubt, he had not enough." Another, hearing that some boards had been stolen from a Jew, said : " Well ! he will not be able to make a cross of them to nail good Jesus on it."

R. F. Lemaitre, who so happily developed the Thibar Mission, has been appointed Vicar Apostolic of the Soudan. He will soon be consecrated a bishop.

#### SUMMARY

Sick cared for by the Sisters in Northern Africa in 3 years, 354,038 ; children in danger of death baptized, 2,791 ; pupils in the orphanages, several hundred young native girls.

Over 1,000 children have been taught in the schools, homes and work-rooms.

## **SOUDAN.—EQUATORIAL AFRICA**

### **VICARIATE OF THE SOUDAN (FRENCH REGION)**

Three stations in the Soudan : **BANANKOUROU**, near Segou ; **KITA** and **DINGUIRA**, near Kayes.

In all these the Sisters have homes, orphanages, dispensaries and schools for catechism ; they have also had a leper-house for several years. About 15,000 sick were cared for in 1910. The Soudan Mission has been sorely tried, the staff of Missionary Fathers has been decimated and among the victims we bear in grateful and respectful remembrance the venerable Vicar Apostolic, Mgr. Bazin. Facts prove that the blacks are susceptible of religious training, can have fine feelings and be constant in the faith. The village of Siguiri contains a good many Christians whose number is increasing ; these worthy people have been brought to our religion through the zeal of Magloire, a child reared in the Kita Mission, who settled at Siguiri, became the apostle of the country and the Missionaries were delighted with the good dispositions of the population.

The railway station agent at Djamar is also a Christian black called Charles, who sets a good example of religious fervor. He often starts on foot when his duties are over and arrives at the Mission, during the night, goes to confession, receives communion, hears the morning mass and returns to the station to wait the arrival of the train.

A poor leper woman, living alone in her hut, found herself worse than usual. As she did not wish to die without the sacraments, she asked a neighbor to help her to get to the Mission. When she came near the Father's house, she was exhausted and sat down by the way-side ; the neighbor ran for the Priest who came at once to confess her. She was carried back to her hut where she died on her arrival, praising God.

### **ZANZIBAR VICARATE.—(British Region)**

**MOMBASSA** is for our caravans the key of Equatorial Africa, formerly a mysterious continent, but now as familiar to tourists as Côte d'Azur or the Vale of Chamounix.

**MOMBASSA**—on the island of the same name, is a post recently founded; it is a distributing point holding a position corresponding to that of Marseilles. Here the Sisters embark who are destined to distant Missions; they rest here after their fatiguing journey and enjoy community life before taking the British railway, which they afterwards leave for the steamer or "machilla" (a litter carried by negroes). The occupations of the post, consisting in correspondence, forwarding supplies, receiving passing Sisters, still leave the Sisters enough leisure to attend to the works proper to the Mission: keeping a small school, visiting and caring for the sick and a projected work-room for young Indian girls. The population is a mixed one, Arabs, Negroes, Europeans. The Sisters render various services to these different classes, who all express much gratitude.



**BRITISH TOWN OF ENTEBE**



**MANGU.**—At Mangu, in the bush, the Sisters are in communication with hardly anybody else than the good negroes of Kikuyu, who are simple and credulous, and whose superstitions they are striving to replace by knowledge and love for truth. The results are already good, since out of 23 neophytes baptized by the Fathers of the Holy Ghost at Christmas, 9 had received most of their religious instruction from the Sisters. Our house of the Holy Family, rather far from the Mission, employs workers who help the Sisters in teaching catechism. Our small hospital, consisting of a group of huts, shelters 16 patients. We would wish that our resources would enable us to complete this work, from which we expect much good both for soul and body.

#### **SOUTHERN NYANZA VICARIATE (BRITISH REGION)**

This is one of the finest and most interesting Missions of Equatorial Africa, which has had martyrs, counts Christians and catechumens by hundreds of thousands, and where the religious life promises to flourish marvellously.

**PUBAGA.**—The Christian blacks of Uganda are in the habit of magnificent protestations of faith; it is no rare thing to see them go to confession and communion; they often go long distances fasting; among the first Christian women, many have grown old in the service of the Mission, practising heroic virtues. There was, for instance, good Natalya, who, for a long while, devoted herself to serving the Sisters and looking after their garden; she also took pleasure in keeping the churchyard very clean. She performed this work with pious respect, because the Baganda Christians have a special regard for the place where they have been baptized and for the priest who administered baptism to them. Natalya has just died. At the moment of her death she fixed her eyes on the crucifix, saying "O my Friend! O my Divine Friend!" and expired.

The comet has caused great excitement among the blacks. Good Amelia came the following day and told me that she had dressed herself in white cloth, had hung around her neck a cross she was given at baptism and had said her beads all night. From time to time she sent some one out-

side to see what was happening. "You must have been afraid to die", "I am not afraid to die, but I want death to come to me while I am praying."

**VILLA MARIYA.**—The St-Leo novitiate has just been established here under the Sisters' direction for the training of a Congregation of native Sisters, who will help in the evangelization of the blacks, Pagans or Mahometans, and in school work. The first taking of the habit was a day of great rejoicing for all Buganda. The simple religious garment given to these good girls consists in a dark blue cotton dress with a tippet and veil of the same color; a white head-band shows under the veil; the Sisters carry a crucifix suspended around their neck by a cord. Villa Mariya has a hospital and leper house, from 30,000 to 35,000 sick are cured for in these establishments and in the dispensaries every year. Joanni, a former catechist, covered with terrible sores, lives on the road to the hospital. He prays amidst his sufferings: "I thank Thee, O Lord", he says. "Increase my sufferings still more that I may see Thee." Although in such a wretched condition, his zeal never flags; he teaches the prayers and truths of religion to another sick man, a Pagan, who comes every day to sit at the door of his hut. The blacks assert that those who come to pray are sure of Providence's special protection. Three women, coming from a long distance for Holy Week, encountered two lions and 5 hyenas devouring a gazelle; trembling, they made the sign of the cross and passed on without the wild beasts seeing them. There is not a single Pagan in Villa Mariya. There can be no higher praise than this.

**KISUBI.** A former camp of sleepers, it contains a hospital and other Mission works; there is a coffee plantation which is beginning to promise well.

There is a new work, namely: a refuge for women who have fallen into Protestantism or Islamism, which is confided to the Sisters. When the Missionaries deem them worthy of reconciliation they find for them means to earn their living by working on the plantations, which keeps them near the Sisters.

A poor woman had abandoned her faith and joined the

Protestants. The ministers imposed as a condition that she should insult the Blessed Virgin. The Baganda have a great love for the mother of God. The proposal shocked her. "I insult my Mother!" she exclaimed, "Never!" "Then you cannot belong to us", the ministers said. "Very well. I go back to my religion. I will never insult my Mother!"



WHITE SISTER TEACHING WOMEN. (Ouganda)

Another, after being seven years among the Mahometans, happened by accident to be present at an instruction by a Missionary. She was touched by it and could not be surfeited with hearing the words of life. In the evening, after the Missionary's departure, she went to the catechist and said: "How good the priest is and how true what he says. I have been led astray by the Mahometans, but take me to the Missionary and plead for me. I wish to renounce all that is not of Jesus Christ and will perform any penance, no matter what it may be." The catechist took her at once and, after performing the penance imposed on renegades, she made her abjuration and very piously received the sacraments of penance and the Eucharist. During the summer four Sisters will go and open a fourth station at Toro in the vicinity of Ruanzori, a high mountain always covered with snow.

**SOUTHERN NYANZA VICARIATE**  
(GERMAN REGION)

MARIEMBERG.—This is the most recent Mission establishment of the Sisters here. They have to contend against the influence and machinations of the sorcerers. The native kings at first strongly opposed the Catholic propagandism; then yielding to the tactful proceedings of the Missionaries and finding that their Catholic subjects were the most faithful, they ceased their opposition. The young generation, instructed by the Missionaries, is full of ardor for religion. Sister St-Gelasius was exhorting the children to practise minor mortifications in order to prepare for their first communion. All declared that they were willing and one of them, pointing out little Casimir to the mistress, said: "Sister, here is one, who has for a long while fasted every Friday, eating only at nightfall, to please Our Lord, who suffered on that day."

KAGONDO.—In the vicinity of Mariemberg, at a distance of less than a day's journey. The first present received consisted of sugar-cane. The natives wanted to show the gentleness they expected in their relations with the Sisters,

The sorcerers enjoy great consideration and it will take some time to dislodge them. Let us hope for the day when there will not be a single Pagan here as at Villa Mariya.

ISSAVI. In this region, the most remote from Lake Nyanza, the Sisters have established themselves at the request of the Vicar Apostolic. There was a numerous Christendom here where the Missions awaited them to complete with the women the work they had begun with the men. Pupils came in great numbers. "Why did you not come sooner?" the young girls asked. "We were waiting for you to pray." "Why did you not pray before?" "Because we were not taught." The classes were filled up as by enchantment. A little boy, 10 years old, made himself an apostle. He gathered the other boys together, calling them his catechumens and brought them to the Sisters. The population, through its intelligence and fondness for religion recalls that of Uganda. The Sisters are establishing a post at Nyundo, in the same region, where they will carry on the same works.

#### **UNYANYEMBE VICARIATE (German Region)**

The vicariate of Unyanyembe, in the heart of Eastern Africa, extends from Southern Nyanza to Tanganyika. The Sisters have four posts there at present. A fifth, that of St. Anthony of Mugeru, will be opened in 1911 if Providence wills.

N.-L. AUXILIATRICE OF USHIRAMBO. The post longest occupied by the Sisters in Equatorial Africa. Mgr. Gerboin called them there in 1894. It is an orphanage, school, leper-house and refuge to which the sick come from all parts. During the year we cared for 23,642 which means a considerable expenditure for quinine, vermifuges, blisters and potions. Good Sister St-Mathias, who has charge of the dispensary, finds her practice extending afar and it is probable that her charity has been rewarded by astonishing cures. There is a novitiate of negresses here consisting of widows and girls of tried virtue, excellent catechists, very devoted and zealous for the spread of God's kingdom.

**TABORA.**—Many works: a hospital, a refuge for slaves and poor old women, a children's home, etc. 15,845 sick were cared for. Various industries are being acclimatized. The Sisters were the first to plant potatoes here. God has rewarded their prayers and searches by the discovery of wells of drinking water; until then there had been nothing to drink but rain-water.

**SACRED-HEART, MUYAGA.**—A Christendom which is making fairly rapid progress. At Easter 76 catechumens received the medal which distinguishes them from the Pagans. They are fervent Christians and, on Holy Thursday, they succeeded one another without interruption before the altar where the Blessed Sacrament was exposed.

**MARIENHEIM.** Our works are sufficiently developed to necessitate the enlargement of the buildings. The Missionaries have entrusted the teaching of catechism to the catechist Sisters, which they do in the surrounding villages on specified days.

#### **TANGANIKA VICARIATE (German Region)**

There are four establishments of Sisters where the same works are carried on as in the other Missions: from 9,000 to 10,000 sick are cared for annually.

**KAREMA.**—There is a novitiate of Sisters here and already 7 native nuns are employed as catechists at Zimba and Mtinda. The eldest daughter of Capt. Joubert, Louise, has just taken the habit of the native Sisters at the Karema novitiate. The devotion to the Sacred Heart is beginning to spread. There are a good many communions on the first Friday of every month. The feast of the Sacred Heart was celebrated with great solemnity and fervor.

**KIRANDO.**—The Sisters are bringing up many children and, from time to time, they go in a boat to St-John's island to visit the catechumens. There are already a good many Christians on the island whom distance does not prevent from being assiduous in attendance at church. The Sisters notice everywhere the good results obtained through the zeal of the black catechists. The children know the cate-

chism : many can read and write : all pray with fervor and piety.

**KALA.** The feast of Corpus Christi was celebrated with much pomp. The good negroes honor Our Lord to the best of their ability by hymns and prayers. The repository was in the Sisters' yard and their house received a special blessing : nearly all received communion. At Kirando and Kala, the Sisters care for about 95,000 sick every year.

**MWAZYE.** The country was deeply impressed by the conversion of the royal family of Ufipa, following on that of princess Unda who has become a nun under the name of Sister Adolphina. Their example has borne fruit and many blacks are beginning to get themselves instructed. At the commencement of 1910 there was a grand celebration in connection with the baptism of the young queen Ntée and her husband. All, Ntée, the chiefs and their suites, were present and followed the ceremonies with great attention : many, who had hitherto been indifferent, had themselves instructed. King Wilhelm (Kiutu) the sovereign of Wafipa and our Sister Adolphina were godfather and godmother and gave their noble godchildren the names of Louise and Johane. On that occasion Sadda, the old queen-mother, received the catechumens' cross. A few days afterwards she died after having been baptized under the name of Mary Magdalen. The fine climate of Mwazye has led to this station being made a sanatorium for the Fathers and Sisters.

#### **NYASSA VICARIATE (British Region)**

**KILUBULA.**—We are here in Southern Africa. There are two posts of Sisters : Kilubula and Kaiambi, and they will soon establish one at Ntakataka. We do not know the exact number of the children taught by our Sisters in Southern or Eastern Africa, but correspondence shows that they are legion. The Kilubula Mission is very flourishing ; the Bohemba people are very warlike, proud and intelligent. There are many lepers who are kept outside the village in isolated huts, where the Sisters visit, care for and comfort

them, thereby gladdening these poor unfortunates, who encourage each other to patiently bear their sufferings and, when they hear their visitors speak of heaven, they manifest the most touching piety and resignation.

**KALAMBL.** The way in which the blacks burn the timber and bushes, the ashes of which serve as a fertilizer, advancing further and further as fuel becomes scarce, compels the Sisters, during the season of cultivation, to follow



**SISTER ST-PHILIP AND HER BLACK NOVICES**

them to their mitandas or cultivated fields to prevent their forgetting what they have learned. Thus the Sisters make frequent excursions to search for their shifting disciples. The latter manifest much joy when they see them arrive. Every body stops working to gather around the Sisters and pray; then the Sisters speak of God and of the great truths of religion and cure for the sick when there are any. A rustic meal is then offered the Sisters, after which they are escorted a long distance by the natives singing hymns. The people are firm and courageous. When they believe a thing



to be good and right, they do it at once. While catechism was being taught to the Pagan women at Kambili, one came with a number of amulets on her neck. When asked what was forbidden by the first of God's commandments, she answered correctly, but when she said that it was forbidden to practise sorcery, to wear amulets, her indignant companions exclaimed: "What! you know this and you dare to show yourself, with those devilish ornaments." She withdrew quite ashamed and returned only after she had got rid of her necklace.

#### **UPPER CONGO VICARIATE (Belgian Region)**

**BAUDOINVILLE.**—The most important station occupied by the Sisters in the Belgian Congo. The works there are flourishing: there are 200 children in the home and 75 girls at the school. The Sisters have not less than 223 women of various classes employed in their houses, the work being allotted according to their strength. The work of the novitiate has also begun by the admission of nine young girls to the first test of religious life. The parents are very happy to see them enter so holy a state. Good Balewa, bidding adieu to his daughter, Joanna, said: "Go with the Sisters, my child, and try to do good work. If you wish to become a Virgin of the Lord some day, hearken well to the advice of the Wamawas: live in peace in the house and never quarrel with your companions."

**MPALA.**—There have been many victims of the sleeping sickness here in past years and the Sisters have devoted themselves to the care of these poor unfortunates. Those who were not attacked by the disease, emigrated to the mountains to avoid the tsetse, a fly which is considered the vehicle of the disease. The plague is diminishing. The Missionary Fathers and the Sisters who had remained behind to take care of the sleepers, were glad to see the healthy people come back. Movement and life returned: the church and school were filled with the faithful and with joyful children. It was a resurrection. There are many works here: asylums, schools, a hos-

pital, refuges for the widows of victims of the sleeping sickness, etc. At Baudoinville and Mpala alone, in 1910, 20,327 sick were treated. Let us not leave Mpala without laying on the grave of our dear Mother Marie Claver the tribute of our prayers and regrets. It was here that, through a mysterious design of Providence, she was stopped in the middle of the long journey she had undertaken with so much gladness and pursued with such courage, and from which she hoped for so much good. God did not permit her to attain the end of her generous undertaking, but, by prematurely calling her to her reward, He also willed to make her work fruitful and caused to spring up under her footsteps, on the spots where she had prayed and wept while asking for them, the very posts of Sisters, which she wished to establish. May greater glory accrue to the Lord and our Mother be one more added to the number of saints in heaven!

**KASONGO.**—This lies at a month's journey from Baudoinville, provided one be not detained by the overflowing of the rivers, which frequently happens in the rainy season. There is a strong movement towards the Catholic religion among the tribes in the neighborhood of Kasongo: deputations come to ask the Missionaries for catechists and houses are built in advance for them. The works here are the same as at the other posts. But little time has elapsed since the Sisters' arrival. The isolated position has not allowed of the development of much work.

(From the "Chronique des Sœurs Missionnaires de Notre-Dame d'Afrique.")

### NEWS OF THE MISSIONS

**ST-ELIZABETH HOSPITAL.** (1) Some weeks ago, an old man, apparently exhausted by the fatigue of a long journey, applied for admission to the hospital, saying: "I come from Miliana. I intended to go to Orleansville to be attended to. On the way, I met a friend who said: 'You are sick, old man, and will never reach Orleansville. Why

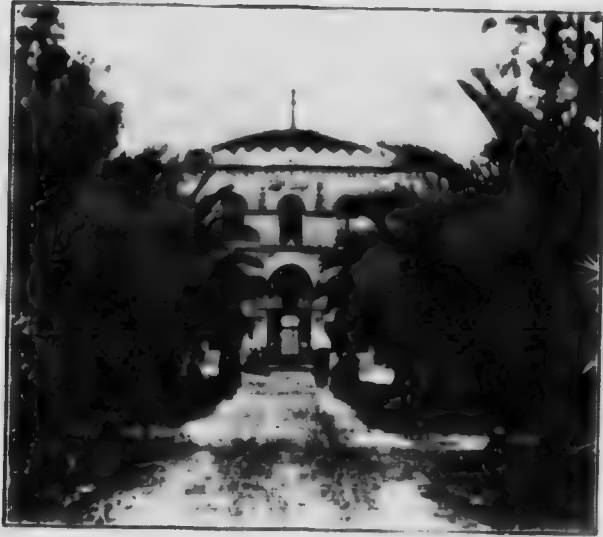
(1) The directress-general of this hospital is Mother Augustine (Miss Blanche Crevier, of Montreal.)

should you go so far? Go to the great white house you see from here. You will be well received, I tell you," Sidi el Hadj was thus admitted and we soon found that we had not to deal with an ordinary Arab. The correct language and affability of our patient no longer surprise us since we have learned his history. He is a celebrated marabout who has made the pilgrimage to Mecca five times. He has visited Jerusalem and speaks of the holy places as one who has lived several years there. Father Roch has had most interesting conversations with the old man and tells us about them. "What were you seeking, he asked him, on those long journeys, which have prematurely worn out your strength?" "I was seeking God." "And did you find him?" "No, but I am seeking him without wearying, because God is good and He allows Himself to be found by those who are upright in their hearts."

Then the Father had the happiness of showing this soul the true light which he had sought in vain in the false doctrines of the Mahometan religion. "Then he is near me, that great God whom I have so long sought." "Yes, and His kindness has brought you here that He might show Himself to you."

At present, Sidi el Hadj, is being regularly instructed by the Missionary and is very grateful for our care. He greets the nursing Sister every day with religious salutations such as: "May the Lord reign in you and cover you with His benedictions! May He bless your hand and have mercy on you!" Yesterday he asked the Sister her name. "Why do you want to know my name?" "Because, you see, when I die, God will make me render an account and will ask me: "Who was good to you on earth? So I must be able to give your name."

**BISKRA HOSPITAL.** —A great marabout of the Zaouaia of Touggourt, asked to be allowed to visit the hospital. When he entered the men's ward, they respectfully kissed his shoulder and hand after taking off their shoes. In the chapel, the large figure of Christ attracted the marabout's attention and when the Sister who accompanied him told



ST-ELIZABETH HOSPITAL (CHELIFF)

him that it was put there that the sight of it might increase our courage, he said: "Yes, I understand; when you look at him, His love descends into your hearts." He went away delighted with his visit and wishing us every blessing.

### TO WOMEN

The role which devolves upon women and which they alone can fill in works of benevolence and apostleship has been already stated.

Convinced that for the conquest of Africa for civilization and the Gospel, the cooperation of women was indispensable, Cardinal Lavigerie founded the community of the White Sisters, for whom he traced out a programme, which alone their devotedness prevents them from finding unrealizable.

But, with these useful auxiliaries, he desired to combine all women inclined to help them.

He convened a meeting of some ladies at his poor residence in Algiers and addressed them as follows:

"Ladies, you cannot all turn out to evangelize our Africa, but you, can all who are here assist the children

"whom Providence has entrusted to you. If you fail in this  
"duty, you will some day deserve to hear from Our Lord the  
"terrible word, which will embody the judgment of all his  
"disciples: "I was hungry, not only with hunger of the  
"body, but with hunger of the soul, deprived of the bread  
"of truth, and you gave me not to eat. I was thirsty, not  
"only with the thirst of the lips, but with the still more  
"burning thirst of a heart plunged into all bitterness of pain  
"and you gave me not to drink. I was a prisoner in the  
"persons of all these poor women, victims of the most fright-  
"ful slavery, and you did not visit me. I suffered all the  
"injuries and you consoled me not



WHITE SISTERS' DEPARTURE ON A JOURNEY

"Mesdames he went on to say in our old armies,  
"those which made France what it is, those who could not  
"leave for the defence of their country had the right to send  
"a soldier as a substitute in their place on the condition of  
"supporting him. Do as much, ladies, for the generous  
"army of the apostolate. Send your substitutes to it by  
"paying for the maintenance expenses of a Sister. You will  
"thus be enabled to say to the Sovereign Judge: Lord, I  
"could not go to the place where you suffered, where you  
"were a captive, where you were hungry and thirsty, but  
"another took my place, sent and supported by me. And



# MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



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"then you will hear the words of blessing and reward. Come, blessed of my Father, possess the kingdom which your charity has prepared for you."

For the women who cannot assume the entire cost of the maintenance of a Sister, there remain many other works calling for smaller, for even trifling contributions, which, given with good will and generosity, are not less meritorious.

In the middle ages, when a bell was being cast, the Christians in those times of faith deemed it a duty and a very great honor to cast into the glowing furnace precious jewels in order to share in the sound of a bell that might be destined to call people to prayer and song, sometimes during centuries.

The work of evangelization and civilization, which is actually being carried on in Africa, is infinitely greater than the casting of a church bell, however pious and beautiful may be the thoughts connected with the latter. When it is so easy, ladies, why not associate yourself as largely as possible with the apostolate of abundant blessings.

A CANADIAN WOMAN.

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### TO MEN

Cameron, the great Scotch traveller, after seven years of exploration in Africa, wrote: "Whoever will assure the freedom of the negro race will be the worthiest servant of God that the world has seen."

And Cardinal Lavigerie, who so ardently desired to interest all mankind in his regenerative undertakings, stated in still more striking fashion in the church of Ste-Gudule in Brussels: "O Belgians! You have been asleep. You have closed your eyes. You have not done enough for the diffusion of the light of Christianity and the struggle against barbarism. I am well aware that all have not failed in their duty."



"I have sworn the oath of David. I have vowed to give  
"no rest to my feet or my voice until I have aroused the  
"indignation of Christian Europe at the African horrors."

And recalling the words of Clovis, indignant over the story of Christ's passion, and exclaiming as he brandished his lance: "Why was I not there with my Franks? And he added: "Sons of Clovis! Belgian Catholics! Jesus-Christ is "once more crucified on the plains of Africa, in the person "of millions of negroes! Repeat the words of your old king "and be there with your courage and your faith!"

Meditated and understood these powerful, thrilling words might be the source of generous resolutions and of abundant and repeated aims.



THE MUSSULMAN FARM—WORKING BEAST

And, slightly modifying the utterances of the great Cardinal, to us may be said: "O Canadians! You have slept. "You have not done enough for the diffusion of the light of "Christianity and the struggle against barbarism."

And then, assured that we possess the truth, it is important for us, Catholics, to compare a little the sums we give for the propagation of the Gospel with the substantial contributions given to the Bible Societies by our separated brethren for the diffusion of heresy, a comparison which will easily establish that if the humanitarian and Christian motive does not influence us, we should at least allow our self esteem to stimulate us.

A. CANADIAN.

## AT THE ST-CHARLES ORPHANAGE

### NARRATIVE OF SISTER ST-GUY (1)

Our superiors have entrusted me at St-Charles with the direction of some fifty frolicsome little girls, most of whom are already Christians. They made a four days' retreat to prepare themselves for the beautiful feast of the Immaculate Conception and I was really edified by their quiet behavior



GROUP OF SICK AND SISTERS

and their good conduct during the days when they desired to preserve a complete silence. Some of these dear children have deserved by their piety to form a Congregation of Children of Mary, and they make it a point of honor to wear the blue ribbon and medal, which distinguish them from their comrades.

Through the liberality of a few benefactresses we were enabled to prepare for our little girls some pleasant surprises for Christmas, and they found the Infant Jesus most generous, when they discovered that with candies he had provided them with new handkerchiefs and aprons; because

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(1) Miss Rosa Beaudoin, of St-Evariste, Beauce.

the most welcome presents that can be made them are those which promise to add something to their trousseaux.

I have for my own use an article which tempts them so much that I hardly dare to employ it in their presence. This is a long chain rosary, of which the catechumens especially envy me the possession. I think that a distribution of similar rosaries would bring joy to every heart.

As they know that I am a Canadian and that I gave them a taste of our maple sugar, they put me a thousand questions in regard to my country and to the wonderful tree that produces such good things. When is the sugar harvest and how long does it last? How are the pretty houses I showed them made, as well as the bricks which were shared between them with so much gusto.

If I could only send them to a sugar cabin; such a pleasure excursion would fill them with joy.

Where one has labored for some years at the education and improvement of these children, thought reverts back to the time and the condition in which they came from their huts, dirty, in rags, without any notion of politeness or of education, and frequently covered with frightful sores, and one cannot help admiring the transformation effected, with the aid of divine grace, in these little wildings. Most of them have now open, smiling countenances, good health, activity and skill in workmanship, and, as already stated, a taste for piety.

Our little civilized Arabs, are also characterized by generous feelings and devotedness and of these I may cite certain manifestations:—Some time ago, a worthy Maltese family came to see our orphans. These, encouraged by the kindness shown them, at once did all they could in the way of singing and recitation to give pleasure to the guests of the Mission. Their sweet voices in tune their wonderful memory and their correct interpretation surprised and delighted the kindly visitors, and the entertainment ended with a generous distribution of cakes among the little girls. I thought in my own mind that our pupils would be affected by this unforeseen distraction and that they would hardly

do any work that day ; but on the contrary they were never keener in the performance of their duties and I noticed with astonishment that, acting of their own free will and in concert, they undertook harder work than usual. Even to our little Louissette, the Benjamin of the asylum, put more into the little basket in which she carried soil. "Your basket is too heavy, little one"—said I—"You will



GROUP OF YOUNG ARABIAN GIRLS

not be able to carry it"—"Oh ! yes, Sister," was the answer of the little midget : "This evening we are working for the good gentleman and ladies, who gave us the cakes." And it was the same in all the divisions.

On New Years' Eve, as I was watching them at their work, one of them came to me on behalf the others : "Sister, we would like to pray for all who take an interest in us." I could not object to so praiseworthy an intention and then we began a series of "Paters" and "Aves" for our Reverend Mother, for the Sisters, the Fathers, their benefactors and benefactresses, for their godmothers, for the sick, for the

conversion of Africa, etc., etc. I was truly touched by such fervor which made me forget the wildness and the turbulence of the dear children.

I therefore love my occupation, hard as it is and calling for so much patience. I like my pupils with their compound of good qualities and defects. I love my St-Charles, with the cherished presence of our Mothers, with its fine site, its humble but pious chapel and all the gifts of nature and of grace which the good God has showered upon it.

Since Sister St-Guy wrote the above lines, she was called to the Missions of Equatorial Africa, and has gone to lavish upon the black children of All Saints the same zeal and affection with which she surrounded the orphans of St-Charles.

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### **AN EVER MEMORABLE DAY**

#### **LETTER FROM SISTER MARIE-ARSENE (1) TO THE POSTULANTS OF QUEBEC**

MY DEAR LITTLE SISTERS,

If, in spite of all our good will, the echoes of our alleluia have not yet reached you, believe me it is not for want of singing it with all our hearts. Easter should have for us a morrow, also a festival, during which you were no doubt united with us by your prayers.

In fact, on Easter Monday, fourteen postulants, here for several weeks, took the white veil of the novices. To become a White Sister from a black one was something serious. Consequently, before making so great a change, our new Sisters took good advantage of the regular retreat during Holy Week. After a joyous morning spent in recreation they entered without regret on Sunday evening into meditation.

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(1) Miss Suzanne Prince, of Quebec, now at Thibar, Tunis.

At dawn of the great day, each without loss of time hastened to put on the bride's toilette. We smiled a little when we observed that they had not yet forgotten the fashion, but this was only for an instant. Their air of composure would impress any one.

The bell announced the arrival of His Lordship Mgr Piquemal, who was to preside for the first time as a bishop at such a ceremony-

The postulants awaited us in the community hall, where we went for them in procession.

His Lordship handed a wax taper to each of them, while we sang the anthem: "Prudentes virgines.—Wise virgins, get your lamps ready; behold the bridegroom cometh; go ye forth to meet Him."

I will not attempt to describe the emotion of our Sisters. If I may judge of it by what I felt myself at the same moment six months before, it was great.

We were soon all assembled in the chapel. His Lordship put to our Sisters the usual question: "My daughters, what want you?" Immediately came the answer of each, the one asking for the holy habit and the others, of whom I have not yet told you anything, the grace to make the profession.

His Lordship then celebrated the holy mass and had the pleasure to deliver a short address, recalling the memory of the Eminence, our venerated Father, which gave great pleasure to all.

The postulants and the future nuns then approached the holy table and we sang some appropriate hymns, rendered still more joyful by the alleluia.

After the mass, another question was put and His Lordship proceeded to bless the scapulars, gowns and belts and to distribute them to each. Our little Sisters disappeared for a moment during the intoning of the psalm "In exitu Israel" to return to complete their religious costume by the reception of the veil. They then waited for the giving of their names in religion: "You shall forget your name and your father's house and you shall call yourself hereafter Sister Mary N."

All these things which appear to you in advance to be

so natural nevertheless always make a deep impression upon you, my dear Sisters. Wait a little for your turn. Are thoughts the same under the white veil as under the



CORNER OF AN ARABIAN TOWN IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD  
OF BISKRA

postulant's bonnet? I doubt it. Six months of novitiate and the arrival of fresh Benjamins make you age, whether you like it or not.

When you reflect a little that soon, perhaps too soon for your heart, you will have in your turn, after pronouncing the holy formula of the religious vows, to depart for the Missions, God only knows where, the time seems to pass very quickly. The postulate is lovable and still more so the novitiate, so do not complain.

But to return to my story. I left the new novices meditating on the virtues of the saints, whose names they are to hereafter bear, while the others were pronouncing their vows.

His Lordship intoned the "Te Deum" with enthusiasm while the newly professed and the novices knelt before the altar.

Notwithstanding our emotion we continued to sing. It was the heart especially that spoke and the good God will always understand his children.

The ceremony concluded with the kiss of peace and a prayer in common for our families.

You can guess, my dear Sisters how the remainder of the day passed—a hearty "Deo Gratias", to which each one lent a joyous note. We might regret the departure of our elders, but the Mission being the great object of all desires, we confined ourselves to wishing to our Sisters a fruitful apostolate and promising them our prayers.

In the evening all together assembled at the feet of our Virgin of the novitiate, in accents in which confidence mingled with joy and gratitude, we sang our beloved hymn :

Salut à toi, Notre-Dame d'Afrique,  
Notre espérance et l'effroi des enfers !  
L'esclave, un jour, te dira son cantique,  
Lorsque ta main aura brisé ses fers.

Le peuple esclave, au loin souffre et m'appelle,  
Je passerai l'immensité des mers ;  
J'annoncerai la céleste nouvelle,  
Le Dieu Sauveur, par delà les déserts.



Vivre et mourir pour le salut des Âmes,  
Voilà ma part et mon suprême vœu  
Cœur de Jésus, Cœur aux ardentes flammes,  
A ton enfant donne un zèle de feu !

Apostolat, sacrifice, martyre,  
Le jour, la nuit, vers vous j'ai soupiré.  
Sublime espoir dont je suis enivré !  
.....

Riches trésors, les seuls que je désire,  
Donne des saints à l'Afrique infidèle,

Mère du Christ, en nous forme Jésus !  
C'est le secret, c'est la source de zèle,  
La sainteté moissonne les élus.

It might be indiscreet to reveal the dreams which will haunt the newly chosen tonight. The bride's black gown, the white veil, the crown of roses without thorns will doubtless follow each other and when the reveillé bell sounds, it will seem as if we were hearing some final note of the "Te Deum."

You ask if next day, the young novices are recognizable from the old ones. You have only to look at the pins that hold the veil and the mantle, when you must admit that the novelty of the habit embarrasses them a little, but that is all.

When will it turn my dear sisters, to be welcomed and rejoiced in the same way. In the meantime, pray well for those who have gone before you in order that they may become holy missionaries, which is all their ambition.

— STELLA MARIE-ARSENE, Novice.

## A VICTORY FOR MARY

### LETTER FROM SISTER JACQUES-MARIE (1) TO MOTHER M. OF THE CRUCIFIX

Mombassa, February, 1911.

My dearest Mother,

I wish to let you know of one of the greatest pleasures we have enjoyed since we have been here. As you are aware, the starting of a mission is always difficult and the consolations are few, so that those which present themselves are doubly welcomed. Let me therefore tell you the story of a poor sufferer snatched from Satan under particularly trying circumstances, and in connection with which Our Lady of Africa manifested once more her merciful and powerful goodness.

It happened during one of our charitable house-to-house visits. A Mahometan Baluchi woman addressed us, saying: "Come, I beg of you, and see my child, who has been long sick." We followed her.

On reaching the house, we saw seated on the "baraza" (gallery) a young boy, reduced to a regular skeleton, covered with sores and almost unable to rise. His languid eyes, his pallor and his dried up and transparent hands showed that he was suffering from tuberculosis.

We approached and spoke kindly to him, as we dressed his sores. He seemed to suffer a good deal and began to cry. "I am young—he said—and I can do nothing. I have been sick for three years and during the past six months my trouble has become worse." We were moved to compassion for him and promised to come and treat him daily. This promise seemed to delight him.

One day where we were unable to go and pay him our usual visit, Mohammed, for that was his name, came to our house. He had walked all the way as best he could with the

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(1) Miss Anita McCone, of Quebec.

aid of his mother, and was so tired that we had to give him something to strengthen him and enable him to return home. "Ah! he said sadly, as he half collapsed, I thought that the Sisters were "karisika," vexed against me." We reassured him to the contrary, but he insisted that we should promise again to care for him. "You see, Sister—said he—when you do not come to see me, I suffer a great deal and cannot sleep.



GROUP OF KABYLES

Undoubtedly, we could not hope to remedy his condition, but, perhaps, while dressing his sores, we might infuse into his heart some of the seeds of life.

It was with gratitude that Mohammed received our visits. As far as we were concerned, this was important, for there was nothing to cure him. We took advantage of his happy mood to speak to him about the good God.

One day that he was suffering a good deal, he said to us: "Yes, Sister, I suffer much, but I love my suffering, which is the will of God; I suffer for Him." And he added: "Nobody comes to see me, not even a child; I have only mam-

ma and the Sisters to love me." Poor wretch, his condition repels everyone, but under the envelope of his body there is a soul which we want at all cost ; and we shall get it ; for shall such suffering and resignation be in vain ? God would not permit such a thing.

One morning, our protege's mother came hurriedly to the Mission and begged us to visit Mohammed. He is suffering much, she said—during the whole night he has called for you, asking that you should come and dress his sores as formerly.

We went and found that the child was very bad. We told the Mission Father who also went to see him. An hour afterwards, the Father returned, saying : " Mohammed accepts all the truths of our holy religion ; at three o'clock in the afternoon, he will become a child of the good God . . .

We promised Mohammed to bring him his daily food, and we continued our visits. One morning, we found his mother seated near the door and I said to her : " I have come very early ; perhaps too soon ? No, no, Sister, I will carry Mohammed out to the "baraza." I prepared the medicines, when the sick boy's brother, who happened to be there, came out and said to me : " Sister, come here and look at Mohammed." I entered, when the sick boy threw upon me a long look as if to say to me : " Mark that I am no longer alone." This look was his last ; he lost consciousness and the agony set in.

Did he understand the words of God which I whispered into his ear ? I hope so. Addressing the mother I said : " Mohammed is going to die." Then began the usual cries and lamentations. Deeply moved, I recited some prayers quietly to implore the mercy of God for this soul that was about to appear before Him. The dying boy was calm. During the eight days he had been a Christian, how much merit had he not won by his resignation and the generous sacrifice of his life ! Before baptism, he had been so anxious to be cured !

In a moment, the house was filled ; an old marabout arrived and then another ; they looked at us, but never

uttered a word. They knew that we were favorably regarded by the family. A seat was offered to us. Here then were we, religious missionaries, present at the last assault made by Satan on a soul that Mary desired to save. And while the marabouts, in a loud voice, mingled their prayers and their chants, the beads of our rosary slid silently between our fingers hidden in the sleeves of our gowns and our silent "aves" ascended with fervor from our hearts to our blessed Mother.

The marabouts breathed three times on the dying boy. O my God! we thought, let the breath of your Holy Spirit destroy in this soul the empire of Satan! After some unsuccessful efforts to stop the singing, we went out and again notified the Missionaries.

The Father Superior went to the hut. It seemed as if the dying boy had been waiting for him to show a sign of life; his eyes opened, his dying look was turned upon the priest, as if in a final prayer; the Missionary approached and in a few moments, by a secret absolution, assured the triumph of Mary over Satan, for the soul of "Victor" took its flight to heaven at the very instant that the priest pronounced the last word.

Cannot we say once more: "The designs of God are impenetrable!" And what joy did it not bring to the heart of the little Missionary Sister to have contributed to the salvation of a soul! . . .

SR. JACQUES-MARIE, M. S.

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## **THE NATIVE WORKSHOP OF GHARDAIA (SAHARA)**

### **EXTRACT FROM THE MISSION JOURNAL—MOTHER AUGUSTINE (1) SUPERIORESS**

1st January.—We received a visit from the Commandant accompanied by the Caid and some natives. The latter visit our new establishment; and take especial interest in the

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(1) Miss Blanche Crevier, of Montreal.

workrooms and looms. "It's grand," said one of them, who could find no other word to express his admiration. They find above all that it is "secluded" and that their wives and their daughters will not be seen by every one.

6.—The Mozabite women increase their visits; they are particularly delighted to see the Sisters weaving and wool working; they give us hints which are valuable to us. The wildest run away after a few minutes through fear of being seen.

10.—The moral lessons given by Mother Augustine are much appreciated by the women. In their own homes, they repeat what they have heard. Their good dispositions encourage us and inspire us with hope of some fruit from this incipient apostolate.

17.—Some fifty children regularly attend our workrooms. All or nearly all are poor children. Most of them come fasting, while the more fortunate only get a little black coffee without bread. Yesterday, a little girl brought an orange; at the sight of this luxury, all the little hands were stretched out; soon a hole was made in the orange through which the juice was sucked in the first place by the owner; then by her neighbors until it made the round of the work-room. When some one brings a handful of cous-cous, each one receives a few grains and, in order to satisfy all, the giver does not get more than the others.

To these few lines showing the encouraging progress realized through the incessant labor of our Sisters, I may add that occasionally we have the happiness to note that our Christians are animated by a great spirit of faith and a zeal altogether apostolic. For instance, is not this story taken from a letter by one of our Arab neophytes to the Superioress of this station where she was reared, beautiful and touching in all its simplicity and in the writer's own style and orthography:

".....A poor little girl was burnt in the fire, as she  
"was not very far from us, I said to my sister-in-law to  
"allow me to go to see if I could save the poor little soul  
"redeemed by the blood of God. My sister-in-law went to

“ see ; she said to me that there were too many there ; I  
“ could not do what I wanted ; I got myself accompanied, I  
“ took with me a bottle, I poured out the holy water into a  
“ glass and I filled the bottle with water. Arrived at the  
“ little one’s house, I was nervous for the people there were as  
“ thick as flies ; I was afraid to miss my chance, I approached  
“ the child, who was completely scalded ; room was made for  
“ me, for everyone thought that it was a remedy I had ; to  
“ reassure them I took a little wool and dipped it into my  
“ box in which there was holy water , and I treated her with  
“ that, while all had their eyes riveted on me ; I trembled, for  
“ what I wanted to do was great and I was not worthy to do  
“ it ; I baptized her and that night she died.”

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### **LITTLE ANGEL AND PENITENT THIEF**

#### **LETTER FROM SISTER M. ST-ALBERT (1) TO MOTHER MARY OF THE CRUCIFIX, SUPERIORESS OF THE POSTULANTS AT QUEBEC**

My dearest Mother,

I write to inform you of my happiness : My dream has come to pass ; I am at last on the missions ! And on mission at Biskra, the little town among the green palms, where the sky is ever blue. Long live Biskra ! Long live the Sahara !

I left the novitiate on Wednesday night, the 29th June, and I arrived at the end of my journey last night at 11.30.

Needless to tell you that my heart was very full when I left the dear house in which I had spent the two finest years of my life. But why be sad ? . . . Thus far I have been too happy to trouble myself about the future. Consequently, it is with all my enthusiasm as a Missionary and a Canadian that I am taking my first steps in the apostolic life.

On the day after my arrival, I had the pleasure of going on an excursion. We went towards the Arab villages and the tents of these wanderers were visited by us. Under the

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(1) Miss Anna Marie Archambault, c St. Michel des Saints, actually at the home of the Postulants in Quebec.

protection of the Blessed Virgin, we proceeded to the desert. We are celebrating today the feast of the Visitation, May we, following the example of our Good Mother, be enabled to do a little good to the poor unfortunates whom we shall meet!

After breakfast, we quickly put on our aprons and sleeves, for without that precaution our white habits would run the chance of not being immaculate this evening; and then the large hat completed the costume of the little Sisters on their excursion. Last but not the least, with the basket of provisions on our arm, we started. "In nomine Christi."

We soon reached a village—Ras-el-Gueria. A little girl perceived us and the news spread like wild fire. "Here are the Sisters, the Sisters!" In the twinkling of an eye, we were surrounded by men, women and children. It was a race to see who would be first cared for. "I have a headache, treat me right off." No, replied another, I have a tooth-ache; it is I who spoke first, &c., &c.

To escape from the tumult caused by the dispute between the rivals, we entered the first house. Like all the other habitations of the Biskra natives, this house was built of sun-dried clay, formed a square, and was surmounted by a terrace. There was no window in it, only a door, painted green and serving as a window and a chimney, &c. To penetrate into the interior, we had to bend ourselves; we are not tall, however, Sister Isidore and I, as you know.

Everything was dark inside, I could distinguish nothing; my companion goes and comes in this labyrinth. It is familiar to her; so that I took the precaution to hold a corner of her veil in order not to go astray. We twist and turn in corridors one more obscure than another. At last, away back at the bottom, we notice a thread of light. We advance all the time and suddenly we hear a groan and then another. Little by little our eyes grow accustomed to the obscurity and we find ourselves confronted with a woman stretched on a mat, pale, wretched-looking and discouraged. Casting an anxious look at us, she held out to us a bundle of





THE SISTERS AND PUPILS AT THE WORK-ROOM.—AT THE LEFT SR. ST-ARSENE, AT THE RIGHT SR. ST-ALBERT

rags, from which issued feeble wails. Was it possible; did it contain a little child? Quickly, we stripped off the rags and found that the poor infant had only a few hours to live.

The only thing to do was to administer the remedy.

OTADJINAS — KARYILA — MISSIONARY SISTERS ON EXCURSION  
NEAR A VILLAGE



Like a kind elder sister, my companion delegated to me the pleasure of the baptism.

It is unnecessary to tell you, dear Mother, the emotion I felt at that moment; my heart was thrilled with it and I then fully understood the greatness and the beauty of my vocation . . .

While Sister St-Isidore talked with the mother, I took the "good bottle" and poured the holy water on the fore-

head of the child, pronouncing at the same time the sacramental words. I gave to the new angel the name of Joseph-Roch-Albert, in remembrance of my own dear father. It was done. In this poor hut, there would be a Christian until next day, I hoped, when the angels of heaven would descend with joy to seek this little brother to share with him the infinite happiness which, without our humble ministration, he would never have tasted. God chose us to make him known and beloved by these poor infidels! Certainly, there is a little suffering, but we do not complain: Must heaven not be bought? And, after all, the money we offer in exchange amounts to so little.

I leave you, while recommending to your prayers our dear hospital of Biskra, our works, our children, &c.

I am keeping wonderfully well under this fiery sun and am always one of the happiest in this world.

Sr. M. S. ALBERT, REL. MISS. OF AFRICA.

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## TO THE PUPILS OF THE URSULINES OF ROBERVAL (1)

### BIOGRAPHY OF MARIA ANGELA RAPHAELA

Your child is also called Nnakuwala. The poor little thing nearly remained a prey to the devil. She told us her mother was a famous witch and that people come from all parts to consult her. While practising her diabolical art, she would appear all surrounded by fire and the Pagans who came to question her would prostrate themselves trembling at her feet and respectfully listen to the oracles that issued from her lips. Nnakuwala often wanted to participate in these Pagan ceremonies, but her mother would become furious and roughly repel her. Then she had to run away, quite angry at being repelled, and sleep on her mat in an

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(1) The pupils of the Roberval convent formerly gave a good example. All subscribed the necessary amount for ransom of a little girl and a little boy. We reproduce a portion of the biography of the little girl, Maria Angela Raphaela.

adjoining apartment. Satan probably understood that some day this little Pagan girl would become a child of God and your child, your Maria Angela Raphaela.

Nnakuwala lived rather happily, however, with her mother in their poor hut, for the old witch, when not possessed by the devil, was very affectionate to her daughter. But small-pox put an end to this apparent happiness. This terrible disease, which still causes so many deaths among the Bagan's, broke out in their village and the witch was one of its first victims. The child then became the property of an old Pagan and was living with him when she was told one day that there were white men, apostles of God, in the country. "I also will go and see them," she said to her little companions who already attended catechism. The following day she boldly left her hut and her village and followed her friends. After some hours' walk, they reached the mission. Nnakuwala was greatly frightened and anxious as to what would happen her.

Timidly she entered the main yard of the post and crept into a corner of the shed in which instruction was given. A Father came and taught catechism. The little Pagan girl did not understand all the Missionary's words, but some of them remained graven on her heart and were not without effect. "Come back and pray well, my dear children," the apostle of God had said. You will see that she did not forget this counsel of the zealous Missionary.

Nnakuwala then asked herself what these white men were, whom she saw for the first time. She wondered whether they were men or spirits. To make sure, emboldened by the preacher's goodness, she drew near him and touched one of his shoes; then she looked at his face. At that moment, the Father moved in his chair and she ran away quite frightened. She became reassured, however, and went away quite pleased with her visit, and fully resolved to return and pray.

A great disappointment awaited her in the village. Her master would not hear of religion and forbade her to go near the Missionaries. Grace, however, soon overcame the

fear the old Pagan's threats had inspired. At the first opportunity, Nnakuwala escaped and once more went to the Mission. This time he was braver and went quite close to the Missionary who was explaining the catechism by means of pictures. She was captivated by the priest's words and kindness. She then learned that we have in heaven a good Father who greatly loves his children who pray. She said to herself: "It will be so with me. He will love me, for I will pray well."

Nevertheless she had much difficulty in carrying out her project, for her master was furious at her disobedience. He wished, at all costs, to stop his slave from praying and he thought he had found a way to prevent her returning to the Mission. He knew that the Christians do not go to the Fathers without being properly clothed, so he intended to leave the little girl in rags and thus compel her to remain in the village. But the old Pagan's calculations were outwitted by his slave's perseverance and cunning, for she borrowed a garment from a friend and started.

While at the Mission she witnessed a sight well calculated to strengthen her faith. A feast of the Blessed Virgin was being celebrated. At Villa Mariya, as at all the posts of the Vicariate, a chapel has been built in honor of Mary about 250 yards from the church, and on great feast days all the Christians go there in procession and pray to Her who is loved here with such tender affection. Little Nnakuwala saw her companions who were already Christians walking in two ranks and she heard the singing of the hymns which so greatly moved the Missionaries themselves because they reminded them of the airs they had learned in their native country. The great number of Christians, their recollectedness and piety, their fervor in praying were things our little Pagan had never seen and she eagerly desired to take part in the celebration. Some words of the hymns remained deeply graven on her heart. Mary had made one more conquest, that of your Maria Angela Raphaëla.

On her return to the village, Nnakuwala still sang the air that had remained fixed in her memory: "Ave, Ave

Maria!" But when the Pagan heard the words, he arose and threatened to spear the child if she did not stop singing those foreign and Christian songs, and he struck her several times with a stick to make her keep silent. But what can man's wickedness do against God's power? Nnakuwala continued to repeat in her heart the salutation to our good Mother and to sing her praises. Thus the Pagan's efforts to stifle his slave's desire to become a Christian were in vain: threats and blows were powerless against the perseverance of this child aided by God's grace. Her master's brutality even inspired her with the idea of running away so as not to renounce religion. Nothing would divert her from her purpose; she might lack clothes, food and shelter, but none the less she was determined to be a child of God and of the Blessed Virgin.

One morning therefore, without her mother's knowledge, she left the house and went to Villa Mariya, where she enrolled herself as a catechumen. What was she to do? She could not return like her companions to the village every Saturday to procure food for the week. Who would consent to lodge her during her period of privation? But, He, who cares for the little birds, watches still more over those who can and who ardently wish to know and love him.

It was then, in fact, that the White Nuns of Villa Mariya got to know the child, and made her tell them her life's story. Touched with compassion, they assisted her and procured her both food and lodging. The old Pagan soon came to claim his slave and wanted a high price. The Nuns could not satisfy him, but it was decided that Nnakuwala should, as she had a right to, remain at the post until baptized and then go back to her master.

This was a sad prospect for our catechumen. Fortunately your offering came, her master was sent for and he was paid the ransom he demanded.

Our little Christian, your Maria-Angela-Raphaela, is very happy and gladly prays for those who have removed her from her master and, above all, from the power of him who has always persecuted innocence and purity.

### THE BLACK SEMINARISTS AGAIN

The negro priests will surely wield considerable influence among their countrymen in Africa and will be valuable auxiliaries of ours. A very remarkable utterance of the



SEMINARY OF THE BLACK SEMINARISTS

great Pope Innocent XI would be our authority for this, if one were necessary to prove it. To a missionary bishop, who was giving him a report of his labors, he wrote: "We would prefer to see you ordain one priest in those regions than convert 50,000 infidels."

The work of the Seminarists, of the negro priests, is carried on in Africa; the seminaries are being established; vocations are germinating, and everything indicates that a

pious, zealous, native clergy, can easily enough be recruited. These priests, well versed in the country's habits and knowing the state of souls there, and as I think I may add, whose ministry should be especially blessed, would undoubtedly prove very effective. And such a clergy are all the more desirable and necessary that the number of White Missionaries is altogether inadequate. Less than 500 White Fathers for nearly 20,000,000 human beings inhabiting the vast districts assigned to them. Unfortunately, the money resources are lacking and many sacerdotal vocations are thus obstructed. We confide this state of things to our readers, certain that they will not remain indifferent to it. On the contrary, they will feel grateful to us for directing their attention to a work so easy and so excellent, which the Pontiff already named pronounced to be more desirable and fruitful than the conversion of thousands of infidels.

The following are the conditions upon which the great honor and happiness of giving a priest or a catechist to the African church or of participation under any head in the work of the apostolate can be gained :

#### WORKS OF THE PRIESTHOOD AND THE CATECHISTS AMONG THE BLACKS

1.	To found a perpetual bursary for the education of a young Black with a view to the priesthood .....	\$450 00
2.	To adopt a Black Seminarist for one year by paying his board .....	20 00
3.	To adopt a Catechist for one year .....	15 00
4.	To adopt a female Catechist .....	10 00
5.	To adopt a catechumen, man or woman, during preparation for baptism .....	5 00
6.	To adopt a first communicant, boy or girl, also for the time of preparation .....	3 00

#### REDEMPTION WORKS

7.	To redeem a child, victim of the old slavery or given as a slave by his relatives ; or a young girl sold or affianced for money by her father and mother .....	20 00
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As will be seen, there are "possible investments" for every taste ; "different investments" suited to the small as to the big purses and all highly profitable.

A READER OF THE AFRICAN REVIEWS.



**CHRISTMAS MANGU THE AKIKUYU**

**(Mangu, Equatorial Africa)**

**Letter from Sister Thomas de Villeneuve (I) to Mother Mary  
of the Crucifix.**

VERY DEAR MOTHER,

This is the day after Christmas and that feast of the Infant Jesus has left such sweet joys in our hearts that I cannot resist the desire to write you a description of it as I am sure it will please you and our young postulant sisters. Our good Akikuyu will long remember it; it was so new and so wonderful for them. How you would have liked to hear their exclamations expressing repeatedly their joy and astonishment. You will no doubt smile as you ask yourself how, with our small number of catechumens or Christians, we have been able to do such wonderful things, especially when you know how poor we are.

The fact is that, in our dear mission of the Holy Family, we have little reason to envy the poverty of Nazareth and if we had been able to draw on Sister Agatha's reserves, we should have been less embarrassed, but in missions I know not how it is, we soon learn the science of doing something with little or nothing. We realized it once more on this occasion: we succeeded in adorning our modest chapel and in enriching it with the stable and crib before which our blacks are so happy to pray to the Divine Infant. We imitated rocks and stones by means of newspapers painted the proper colors and it was pleasant to see our big children remain stupefied when they saw the house so soon erected and with such fine stones which they had not assisted in carrying.

But the beautiful Child, lying in the little crib of rough wood and on a little straw, captivated them still more. Kneeling before the Divine Little King, they seemed to sense that really how greatly the Infant God had abased Himself and they remained there a long while in silence.

Need I tell you that we, ourselves, were greatly moved? So far from our country, so alone in the forest, in front of the little grotto reminding us of the voluntary isolation of our sweet Savior, our hearts were filled with feelings which you can understand and which I cannot explain, while we fervently prayed God that His kingdom may come! Such



PAGANS—AKIKUYU

moments strengthen us and make us appreciate the great favor of our vocation. But, let us not anticipate and let us return to the celebration.

Midnight mass was to gather all our little Christendom around us. Long before the hour, the Akikuyu were there impatiently awaiting the opening of the chapel door which seemed to them, that day, the vestibule of heaven.... At midnight, the blacks sang the Christmas hymn and during mass they sang hymns in French and in Kikuyu. Some

Pagans were granted the privilege of being present and they were greatly impressed.

We went to the Fathers' Mission on the following day for high mass.

A great many Pagans were there before the door, listening to the music and singing. After mass, the eight Christians who had been baptized on the previous day came to greet us. Their faces shone with joy and happiness, and the others looked enviously at them. There were six young and six married men, the hope of the Mission, which has this year given thirteen new Christians to the church and which, we are convinced, will see that number doubled next year.

But with blacks a religious feast is not sufficient and we wanted to give them full satisfaction. Thus, on our return to the house, we hastened to prepare the meal to which all our workmen had been invited. At 11 o'clock about sixty were present, waiting patiently and silently. We put them in groups of ten in the shade of our great trees. A stick laid on the ground sufficed to separate the groups and no one would have ventured to cross that barrier. The fires were lighted, the food cooked in the open air and, in a short time, to the satisfaction of all meat, potatoes and salt (the special treat on that day) with tea and European bread the appearance of which produced an exuberance of joy beyond description, were distributed.

The women, however, who also shared the feast, wished to express their gratitude still more forcibly. They followed us to the house where they performed native dances accompanied by the usual singing. A pinch of salt rewarded them for their courtesy; they then left us and our little community resumed its regular life.

I wish to repeat to you, Mother, the great joy that feast has left in our hearts. The docility of our blacks, the good order maintained by them, the deep impression they felt, the satisfaction afforded to all, lead us to firmly hope that their affection for and their confidence in the Mission will increase. It takes so little to win these poor people!

If, therefore, some charitable souls wish to help us to

procure a little happiness for our dear Akikuyu, by sending us for Christmas, some small things that will give them pleasure, we shall be grateful to them.

I hope our dear postulants will pray for our Mission and I thank them beforehand.

SISTER ST-TOMAS DE VILLENEUVE,  
A Sister of the African Missions.

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### **THE FIRST FLOWER OF A BOUQUET**

"A little infidel baptized with water from Lourdes, in Africa, by a Canadian from Rimouski, is not an ordinary event.

"And by the mercy of God I was chosen as the minister of this prodigy. On the 3rd December last I performed my first baptism.

"I was overjoyed at the thought that this little angel was going to spread his wings to fly to Paradise. And this he quickly did.

"The mother was astonished to see me applying to her child so limpid a remedy.

"And I was astonished at the Lord using my poor person for such great things.

"Thanks, my God! but this flower is—I hope—not the only one I shall pick to form a large bouquet."

Review of the White Fathers.

June, 1911.

JOS. LANGIS.

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### **THE ANTS**

#### **THERE IS NO DISPUTING ABOUT TASTES**

In a letter dated Entebbe, the 30th September 1906, Father Amédée Goulet wrote as follows to his parents:

The "nsamafu" are great ants with nippers whose bite is like a prick from a red-hot iron. They travel in serried ranks an inch wide at the most, but of indefinite length. There are legions and millions of them. When a regiment

of these ferocious carnivora come upon a prey it is done for, unless it can escape at once. Thousands and thousands of ants bite it on all sides and eat it alive.

A patient afflicted with the sleeping sickness was killed at Kisubi three years ago by these terrible insects. He was too weak to defend himself or to get away; the ants entered his mouth, nose and ears and reduced him to the last extremity before it was found out.

The other evening, after prayer, we heard furious mewing about sixty yards from the church. We went there and found our cat with one of her kittens all covered with "nsanafu" which were literally eating it up; five steps further the other kittens were in the same condition. The ants could not be driven off; all the kittens died and the next morning there was not enough left of them to fill a thimble.

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But, if there are ants that eat one alive, there are, on the other hand, ants that one can eat alive . . . No one has an idea of the treat furnished the Blacks by the white ants, for instance.

One of our colleagues writes: "White ants abound in Central Africa; they build vast and deep cells whence they issue only with the first showers of the rainy season.

During the dry season, the old ants become winged, while the brood of younger ones, voracious and armed with powerful mandibles, open an exit for them. Without the precious aid of the younger ones, they would no doubt remain buried in their tomb. In fact, they seem to have attained the age limit and go forth only to die in the light, or rather to be eaten by the negroes.

This is what happens. When a black finds an ant-hill, he looks upon it as his property; it is a treasure for him. At sunrise he slightly digs up the ground where the ants are to come out, and covers the spot with straw and green grass to keep it cool. About noon he comes back with his aids. As the insects come out at the first rain, the cunning negro imitates rain; he puts here and there large leaves sprinkled

with water and for two hours he strikes a wooden bar whose two ends rest on stones. He thus imitates the noise produced by the falling of the first heavy drops of rain, and the ants, deceived by the dampness of the leaves, sally forth.



A SORCERER

But as they come out, they must be directed to the right spot and at the right time. The aids are there to do this; they wet the various parts of the ant-hill alternately and very soon young insects seeking green food appear under a leaf. Then the faces of all the negroes shine with satis-

faction. A sort of bell made of soft clay is turned over the spot; the ants ascend in it as if in a chimney. Meanwhile, the blacks take large leaves, rub them on their legs to render them flexible and make funnels of them. They pierce holes in the clay bed and stick a funnel in each hole. The ants flock into it like sheep into a pen. The negroes take them by handfuls, cram them into their mouths and mutter between mouthfuls: "How nice it is." There is no accounting for tastes. I find white ants tasteless; to me they are very much like fried herring tails.

Some of the winged ants succeed in escaping, but a flock of birds: hawks, crows, swallows, &c., fly up and enjoy the feast as much as the Blacks.

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### **EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER OF R. F. FILION TO HIS FAMILY**

#### **THE MONTH OF MARY**

.... You are aware that devotion to the Blessed Virgin is held in high honor in Uganda. The Mission is under her patronage and to her is due all the glory of what is done there. Our Bagandas learn to know her at the same time as Our Lord and, in their devotion as in their love, they never separate the Mother from the Son. All the festivals of Mary are enthusiastically celebrated and, during the two months of the year that are consecrated to her, the fervor of our Christians never relaxes.

.... They will not allow their devotion to Mary to be laughed at. A Catholic went to consult a Protestant doctor who, before auscultating him, asked what the things were that he wore on his breast, adding: "You Catholics are worse than the Pagans with their amulets." "Bwana (Sir)", replied the Catholic, "I could wager that you have your mother's portrait in your room and do not consider it strange that you should keep and look at it. Well! This (pointing

to his scapular) is my mother's portrait and I consider it quite natural that I should wear it on me as a very dear object." For all answer, the doctor sent him away without giving him the consultation he had asked for. . . .

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## **THE GOUROUNSI**

### **LETTER FROM R. F. MORIN TO R. F. FORBES**

. . . . Let us now look at the Gourounsi at home and, as far as possible, consider religion, family relations and customs among them.

#### **RELIGION, CONFESSION, SACRIFICES, SORCERY**

The Gourounsi are very religious, in my opinion. They have the idea of a Supreme Being, the creator and master of all things, who rewards the good and punishes the wicked. They believe in the immortality of the soul and have a fairly clear knowledge of the great principles of natural law. Thus they have expressions conveying the idea of God, of prayer, of the soul and of sin. They admit the existence of a place, called "kirou" where souls go, after death, to be happy or unhappy, and, strange to say, they practise public confession when about to die or when seriously ill. If any one is sick and afraid he is going to die, he calls in the sorcerer and elders of his house and confesses all the sins he has committed during his life: adultery, murder, theft, &c. He thinks such a confession will cure him. If there is no hope of a cure, he makes this confession before all who are present.

In practice, their religion manifests itself by sacrifice. The sacrifice, however, is not made directly to God, but to the shades of one's ancestors. The latter are friends of God and can intercede for the living. It seems to our Pagans that God is too far away from the inhabitants of the earth and does not care much about listening to them. Thus all their worship consists in conciliating the souls of the



deceased members of the family, who will, in their turn, pray God to favor their friends below.

The sacrifice consists in killing a hen on the ancestor's grave. The monument serving as an altar is merely a cone of earth from 3 to 4 feet high, raised on the grave of a member of the family, usually at slight distance in front of the entrance to the house.

There are two kinds of sacrifice : one which I will call an "ordinary" sacrifice which any head of a family can offer up, and the other, a "solemn" one, which is reserved for the sorcerers...

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## **CARTHAGE SCHOLASTICATE - WELL FILLED DAYS**

### **LETTER FROM BROTHER EDWARD MICHAUD TO HIS FAMILY**

.... Would you like to know what we do during the day? The rule is as follows : We rise at 3.50 a. m., have 20 minutes to wash, make our beds, sweep out our rooms and go downstairs to greet Our Lord. Then come prayer and meditation which last three quarters of an hour, and are followed by holy mass and thanksgiving. We have half an hour in our rooms before breakfast which we take at 6.30. We get neither beefsteak nor fresh pork.... We get a large bowl of chocolate and bread with dried figs or jam as dessert. After that come a quarter of an hour for recreation, an hour's study in our rooms and a lecture on theology from 8 to 9 o'clock. Then we have another quarter of an hour's recreation and go back to our books for an hour. The bell rings : once more I take up my book and writing book, and spend another hour in class, learning theology. Then comes the quarter of an hour for private examination, followed by dinner at half past eleven, and the morning is over.

You will no doubt like to know what we eat. Africa is so far away ! People must eat dreadful things there such as grass-hoppers and snakes !.... Not yet ; later perhaps. Bah ! one gets accustomed to all things, especially when one is hungry. In the first place, we have soup as at home.

After soup, a dish of meat which we eat alone, without potatoes. It is either beef or mutton and sometimes rabbit. Then a dish of vegetables : cabbage, beans, peas or salad.

After dinner we go to our rooms and lie on our beds looking at the ceiling until a deep slumber takes us into dreamland. At 1 o'clock the bell rings loudly to awake us.



CHAPEL OF NOTRE-DAME—CHELIFF

Then we get up, have recreation for half an hour during which we walk about, play or work in the garden according to each one's choice. The bell rings again, all are silent and devoutly recite the rosary. An hour's study in our rooms is given us to prepare for the class at 3 o'clock. That hour is fatal to many, for there is a great temptation to continue one's siesta, but, with a little energy, one overcomes it. When one thinks that it is God's will that one should study the History of the Church, Canon Law or the Holy Scriptures, one shakes off laziness and sets to work. At 3 o'clock we go to the refectory for supper, consisting like the mid-day meal of soup, a dish of meat and a dish of vegetables. During the meals, with the exception of holidays, an interesting

book is read out to us. After supper comes recreation until 8.15, when we go to the cathedral for evening prayers. A quarter of an hour afterwards, we are back in our rooms; at 8:45, "lights out" rings, I blow out my coal oil lamp and get into bed, satisfied with my day's work.

ED. MICHAUD,  
Scholastic of the White Fathers.

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### **STATION OF OUR LADY OF HANDERE**

#### **The Virgin's Convert—Letter from R. P. Joseph Dery to R. F. Forbes (1)**

My dear Father,

Last month I resumed my journeys and visited one by one the 513 families entrusted to our catechist of Nnamayamba.

One afternoon, about two o'clock, I entered a hut where I found an old man weeping. "Why are you so sad, grandfather? I asked. Death awaits me," he replied; "it has carried off my friend, an old man like myself." I asked who he was and when he died and was told that it had just happened and the body was still in the next house. I hastily bade adieu to my host and went to the house indicated, where I found three sorrowful looking women. "Where is the dead man," I asked. "There is no dead man." "What is underneath that," I asked, pointing to a piece of cloth spread out on the ground in a corner. "Nothing," they replied. Being familiar with Pagan customs, I went there and found an old man still breathing. I spoke to him gently, and pitied his suffering and his sad fate. He very certainly knew about our religion and the means of getting to heaven, so I at once asked him whether he would be baptized. He refused as energetically as he could. For a quarter of an hour I strove to touch his heart and my eagerness was so great that I was in a profuse perspiration. But it was in vain; he had but one answer to all my solicitations. "I am

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(1) R. F. Déry was born at Charlesbourg.

Pagan and I wish to die a Pagan; I will not be baptized." In despair at seeing the dying man obstinately refusing the salvation offered him, I knelt and recited the "Memorare." Since God refused me this poor dying man I could do nought but commend him to the Mother of Mercy. Then, rising, I said: "I am going, grandfather." When he called out that he wished to be baptized.

Greatly moved, as you may imagine, at so sudden a change, I administered holy baptism to him and put Mary's medal around his neck. Four hours afterwards, he was in heaven. Such are the prizes wherewith our holy Mother is in the habit of rewarding her Missionaries for their fatigues.

JOSEPH DÉRY, W. F.

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### **MITALA MARIYA. AN APOSTOLIC TOUR**

#### **Letter from R. F. Eug. Déry to His Family (1)**

On a return from a journey one says to oneself: "I am back at last."

You know what the words: "at last" mean. At Mitala, where we are only four Fathers, a certain amount of work is allotted to each for every hour of the day. When one goes away, the others take a share of the absent one's task in addition to his own. Hence our joy on our return to the scene of our labors, to be able to resume work and relieve the others.

You know also what this means. We are like seekers for gold; the hours and days are too short to satisfy our eagerness for souls. As our district is immense, containing 40,000 souls, 11,700 of whom are baptized and regularly practise religious exercises, we can make only a short stay in the villages, if we want to see all their inhabitants in the space of one year. I had only a week to visit five of such villages.

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(1) R. F. Eug. Déry is a son of His Honor Recorder Déry, of Quebec.

A village generally contains from 100 to 400 souls. And, strange to say, in connection with a people of Pagans, every village has a perfect hierarchy. Authority is in the hands of a single chief, who is subject to the king of the whole country. Each chief has his subordinates and sub-chiefs: one decides law suits, another looks after the workmen, &c. Each village is a republic, a kingdom on a small scale. Our anarchists and socialists would assuredly get good lessons there in submission to authority and in discipline.

For its subsistence, every family has a small banana plantation and a small potato field, in the midst of which stand a few trees whose bark when properly prepared supplies clothing for the whole family, this is the "lubugo." Since the Missionaries' arrival, there is in addition in every village a small chapel or house of prayer adjoining the catechists hut. In every village or rather often in every hut, there are various religions. Thus the children will be Catholic, the father Pagan, the mother Protestant or Mahometan, or vice-versa. Paganism is diminishing more and more; it is the religion of the old people. It will soon be uplanted by indifference in religious matters necessarily brought about in this country by the too easy sects of Protestantism and Mahometanism.

Let us leave the Mussulmen wearing amulets, the Pagans praying to the little that remains of their divinities, the Protestants preaching their too easy doctrine, and come with me on what is called here "an apostolic tour."

As soon as they perceive the Missionary from afar, all the Christians of the village, whose streets and paths have been swept, joyfully assemble at the sound of the drum beaten by the catechist at the chapel door. A number of active young men are placed by the catechist at various intervals, two by two, to greet the "Mukuru" (great personage.) These couriers make it a point of honor to perform their duty correctly and, above all, rapidly. Thus they run as fast as they can so as to be breathless when they reach the person they are deputed to meet. Then, falling on their knees, they greet him with these words:

"Ao! atya? — Ah! how is he?"

"Aye ali atudde" — He is sitting, that is to say, well.



CIVILIZED NEGROES

In my turn I send them back to greet the catechist, but accompanied by some of the young men who are travelling with me, and they repeat the same words.

As soon as the Missionary enters the village all, young and old, great and small, men and women, gather around

him, singing, clapping their hands and loudly thanking him for coming to see them: "Kulika, Sebo! Odze okutulaba! webale, kuliko, kuliko! We congratulate you on account of the road!" — "Kulika musana! We congratulate you on account of the heat!" — "Kulika emiggo! We congratulate you on account of the swamps, etc.!"

On these tours we are accompanied by four or five men who are our bearers. All carry their loads on their heads: the portative chapel, the camp-bed, chair, kitchen utensils, lantern etc.; the last one drags along our poor donkey who often brings up the rear instead of leading the van.

When we reach the chapel we enter to invoke the aid of the Holy Ghost by chanting the *Veni Creator*.—"Ai Mwoyo Mutakatifu" and to ask the Blessed Virgin's help by reciting the Ave.

Leaving the chapel we proceed to the small square of the village, where, in the midst of these sympathetic hearts and faces radiant with joy, we are glad to converse for some time. A kind word to this one, a smile for the little Pagan girl, so frightened at the sight of the bearded white man, a medal to that one, a safety-pin to a woman... and the place is won. The Missionary is king for the time being....

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Finally, we visit the village, hut by hut, the chief object being to see the sick, but also the Pagans and to speak to them. Frequently a single word accompanied by a good inward prayer suffices to convince the poor negroes that those sorcerers of white men are not as wicked as their diabolical prejudices led them to believe.

What a joy it is for me when I see one of these old Pagans consent to wear Christ's livery and come to us to be instructed. They afterwards become our most faithful friends and very good Christians.

Yes, it is a great joy, and too great a reward for the few sacrifices entailed by these tours whereon one must be all things to all men.

I experienced such joy several times in the last two villages I visited. They are at the same time isles of death, so

extensively does the sleeping sickness prevail there : one is called Bunjako and the other Bwigga . . .

Very often all that can be seen of little Father Dery is his palm leaf hat ; and the little White Father has become a little Black Father . . .

Quite black and besmeared, I penetrate into a dense forest. I have just landed on the island of Bunjako. After a few minutes' walk through the forest where the monkeys seem to mock me and parrots to hold out their claws to me, where little birds with the most variegated plumage seem to pity me, I find myself on an immense plain. Suddenly, to my great surprise, I find myself surrounded by a heavy snow-fall. I look around me and perceive that my bearers have dropped their loads and run away. I soon discover my mistake : my snow-fall which had so pleasantly carried me back to other skies was only a swarm of very light green locusts.

An empty stomach has no conscience. You should see a negro when he finds locusts (nsenene).

Tired with calling my bearers, I joined them and after a short hunt, we resumed our journey, each with a package of locusts. This supplied a succulent dish for supper, for locusts fried in butter taste like shrimps or like the ants at the equator. All one has to do is to make an effort to overcome one's repugnance, and one is soon convinced that the Jews were not so badly off in the desert . . .

EUG. DERY, W. F.

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### A SMALL ALMS FOR THE LOVE OF GOD

Letter from R. F. Paradis to R. F. Forbes

. . . But, between times, I have also had to busy myself with many other things. When the Father Superior sent me here, he said to me : " I give you every power. Arrange matters so that this part of the Mission may profit by a somewhat long stay on the Missionary's part." Thus while my colleagues who remained at Mua were contending against old Paganism and heresy on the plains, I was doing the same on the high plateau. Thirty days out of nine full weeks



were spent in travelling. We have 9 schools here, 16 are needed to meet the wants of the population and protect the points menaced by Protestant inroads. I have had 3 built since the beginning of July and before leaving Bembéché for good, I will have 2 others built. This will leave 2 more....

We are hampered by lack of means. Humble as these school houses and auxiliary chapels are, small as is the amount paid every month to the catechists, the pecuniary means at our disposal are insufficient. Therefore, I venture to apply to you, my very dear Father, or rather to the generosity of the readers of "The African Missions." It is impossible for us to draw back or even to stop on the way. If we do not at once occupy the country, Catholicism is doomed. Our hearts bleed at the thought of the poor souls that will then be lost to us, because, alas! our Protestant neighbors do not even recognize the necessity of baptism for salvation!

I, therefore, ask you for alms for the love of God. The cost of building, the maintenance of catechists overburden us and compel us to make this pressing appeal to you. To those who listen to it we promise in return the prayers of our poor blacks and, on our part, a special remembrance during the holy sacrifice.

E. PARADIS, W. F.

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## IN PRAISE OF THE BANANA TREE

NOTES BY SISTER RESTITUTE, MISSIONARY TO UGANDA (1)

For the Blacks of Central Africa and especially for those of Uganda, the banana tree is a sort of Providence or rather Divine Providence has caused it to grow in those countries to supply all their wants. The wealth of a Baganda is estimated by the number of his banana plantations. The banana plantation is a storehouse which is never exhausted

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(1) Extract from *La Chronique des Sœurs Blanches* (41 Rampart St, Quebec.)

and which supplies, year after year, all the necessities of life without demanding much care

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There are upward of eighty species of bananas; the commonest are the "Matoke", which are simply called "mmere" (food). They constitute the daily bread of the Baganda. They cannot be eaten raw, for they are not allowed to ripen. Gathered while still green, they are peeled, enveloped in leaves, and cooked by steaming them. Their taste recalls that of the potato, but they are more bitter, and form a sort of mush, which is served up on banana leaves. To eat it, the hands are first washed; then two fingers are delicately inserted into the mush and a ball is made which is soaked in a well seasoned sauce before being carried to the mouth. But this sauce is not obligatory and is often missing among the poor. The knife and fork are willingly dispensed with, but a Baganda would regard as ill-bred the man who would share in the repast without having first carefully washed his hands. The Baganda would consider that they had not dined, if the Matoke had not appeared in the bill of fare. Most of the population live on no other food; rarely can they vary it with beans, maize or potatoes. They are few who can afford to use meat, and then it is only the men who do so.

The "gondya" which are long and deep yellow in color, are more prized; raw, their taste is exquisite, but the natives prefer them cooked by steam or roasted in ashes.

The "menevu" are shorter, but big, clear yellow, and of a very pleasant savor, although slightly acid. When cooked, they recall apple stew, but they supply the sugar themselves.

Another kind is roasted in the sun and then reduced to flour.

From the sweet bananas, called "mbidde", banana wine is made; the sweet, fresh wine is called "mubissi" and the fermented wine "mwengo", the latter easily intoxicating.

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To make the wine, the following process is followed: A quantity of bananas of the "mbidde" species are peeled and

crushed by hand and with a very fine, but sharp grass in a great flat basket. This mass, worked and kneaded for some time, is reduced to a froth; nevertheless it is still kneaded with the same grass until it is converted into juice. Then a little water is added to remove the juice of the grass, and the liquid is poured into vessels intended to receive it. This wine remains sweet for one or two days, but its sweetness is almost disgusting to one unaccustomed to it. After two days, it begins to sour; it can then be made into vinegar or used as leaven to make dough. If the mwengo or fermented wine is wanted, the same process is observed, but, by adding to the liquid, when decanted grains of red sorghum, which are left in it till next day and which produce fermentation.

The taste of this wine, which the men prefer to the sweet wine, is pretty strong and is slightly like that of beer. The mabissi is more prized by the women and especially by the sick. When a Baganda can eat no more, it is the first thing he asks for, and, as a matter of fact, this liquor refreshes and nourishes at the same time. It is given even to the poor infants who, for one reason or another, are deprived of their mothers' milk. It keeps the life in them, at least for some time, but such a regime soon reduces them to skeletons.

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Let us now speak of the leaf, which also has great utility.

When a Baganda child comes into the world, his first bed is a leaf of the banana tree, which can be changed at will, thereby saving the washing of linen and other similar work which require time and expense. Does the little child want a bath, the leaf is folded and tied so as to form a hollow deep enough, and a bath is thus secured, which thoroughly serves the purpose. In the same way, observing the requisite proportions, plates and vessels of all kinds and for all uses are made. When they have been used, they are thrown away and the vessels are thus washed. Are they needed very solid and water tight, they are put through the fire and this preparation prevents them from tearing.

When we extend our excursions into the neighboring "byatos", the good people dwelling there are eager to regale us. The menu is ever the same; matokes in a basket of banana leaves, sauce in a dish of banana leaves, a fowl on a plate of the same kind, or a dish of white ants, which are cooked with little difficulty, as their legs are only roasted.

The banana leaf also serves to envelop parcels and is a fine substitute for paper. When there is a heavy burthen to be carried, a banana leaf is first torn off and, by rolling it, a round cushion is formed, which is placed on the head to receive the load. These soft cushions are found everywhere and are thrown away after being used.

When it rains, the giant leaf is turned into a water tight roof, for there are few mortals in Uganda, who rejoice in the possession of a real umbrella. Needless to say that it is as good a protector against the sun as the rain.

But it is not only the matokes that are cooked by steam, eggs are prepared in the same fashion. The yolks are poured into a piece of the leaf, salt is added, and the whole is tied together like a small bag, which is put into the pot above the other foods.

Thus, in the same receptacle, a whole dinner can be prepared; at the bottom, there is a little water covered with branches with their leaves that let the steam pass through. Then comes the big parcel of matoke, followed by a lot of potatoes peeled and also tied up in banana leaves; lastly, a package of ripe bananas which supply the sweet dish and the eggs prepared as above: sometimes also potatoes mixed with beans; but this cooking by steam is a pretty long process, taking up three to four hours.

The dispensary has also a use for the banana leaf. A Missionary who was also a good doctor, taught us that there is hardly any more effective remedy, to annihilate in the sores caused by the jiggers or "nfunza", the brood which swarms in them, than to envelop the injured hand or foot with a banana leaf passed through the fire. It is useless to think of curing the sore until these microscopic insects are exterminated. Is a funnel needed in the pharmacy? I get

one of these precious leave and roll it up in the form of a cornucopia. Such of my patients, who are loath to drink from a common cup, bring their own goblets made in the same way,

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The leaf of the banana tree has also a more poetic use. When our children bring flowers to decorate the church or to celebrate some festival, they surround the bouquet with leaves so tastefully arranged that the absence of the paper lace work used in Europe is not regretted.

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When a fire occurs, which happens frequently in a town, built of ruds and grass, whole banana trees are cut down and the natives skillfully handle these gigantic fans to drive away the sparks and arrest the flames, which they do with some success, as I had reason to convince myself.

On last Tuesday, the roof of a house went on fire towards night fall. It was at a distance of only a few feet from the church, itself built of ruds, and covered with grass. What was to be done? Water is scarce in this country, and the spring, at a half hour's distance from the town. Moreover, in the face of a fire so well lit, of what service would a few buckets of water have been? The fire alarm was given, which was done by beating the big drums that still take the place of bells here; the flames, which were already rising very high in the heavens, sufficiently proclaimed the presence of the fire.

In a short time, the whole country-side was aroused, and, although the night was very dark, from all the hills and valleys, troops of native flocked in with cries and the most frightful tumult. As they passed, they cut down small banana trees, where these were not given to them, and in an instant there were more than two hundred blacks on the roof of the church keeping away with these long plumes the sparks driven in that direction by the wind and imparting another direction to the air current. It was a strange spectacle—that afforded by these black figures, brilliantly lit up by the fire, waving at such a height their monster fans,

while below the crowd was noisely swaying and praying. After half an hour, the fate of the struggle was decided and the danger past, when over a thousand men poured into the church where a "Magnificat", chanted with more spirit than harmony, voiced the grateful sentiments, which filled all hearts. If the devil had taken a hand in the game and had wanted to furnish ashes for the next day, he must have been disappointed in his object.

\* \* \*

The flower has also its usefulness; apart from the primary function assigned to it by the Creator, as to the flowers of all fruit trees, it supplies the bees with a delicious juice from which they make a honey that is all the more prized, because sugar is very rare in the country. A petal of the flower can also be converted into a feeding bottle for an infant. Do not laugh, for I was very glad to make the discovery. When the first orphan baby, only three days old, reached us, I was very much at a loss to know how to feed it. A Baganda woman extricated me from the trouble by bringing me a petal and showing me how to use it, which leaves nothing to be desired. It is not even necessary to wash the bottle, because as many as you wish can be obtained from the banana plantations.

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Nevertheless, all that I could say respecting the utility of this wonderful tree is not yet exhausted.

Every time, a leaf falls from the tree, the trunk peels, for the stalk of the flower surrounds it. These fine peelings, which in French might be called the "liver" or inner fibrous bark of the plant, is termed "kyai" (byai in the plural) in Ruganda. Thus the soil at the foot of the banana trees is constantly heaped with "byai", which, if left to rot there, manures the earth and prevents it from drying up. The "kyai" is very strong; it can only be torn across with the greatest difficulty. It is sometimes 2 metres in length and twice the breadth of the hand. Ropes and cords are made out of it. It is sometimes used even for sewing, although

usually sewing thread is supplied by a very fine and strong grass.

The "byai", torn into long, thin strips, serves as a vegetable hair or febre to fill mattresses and cushions, for they are as clean as they are soft. At the dispensary, they are used as a substitute for bandages. Where could we get enough to dress so many sores, if this tree did not incessantly supply them?

The natives know how to make out of these "byai" handsome little nests, which they decorate with grasses, and in which they sell eggs, tobacco and grains of coffee in small quantities, as well as dried white ants, a great delicacy in this country. The young girls plant them into bags or cornucopias, which are real little works of art; fill them with the handsome seeds of the climbing plants and other native products, and present them as souvenirs to their friends. How often already have they sent these little gifts of their grateful hearts to St-Charles.

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The "byai" are indispensable in building works. All the native ladders and scaffoldings consist of poles and cross-pieces bound together with "byai". The same may be said of the framework of the roof, which is afterwards covered with grass, or with a heavy coating of "byai" in the place of tiles.

Even in religious practices, "byai" is useful; when the newly baptized cause to secure a real rosary, they manufacture them out of strips of "byai", in which they make as many knots as there are beads, marking the Paters and the Aves. They, then, put them around their necks, for they would not regard themselves as Christians, if they did not ostensibly wear their rosaries. Some resort to this expedient when they lose their own, in order to excite the pity of the Missionaries, and to more easily persuade them to give them another.

The banana tree also furnishes soap! . . .

In order not to tire the reader, I shall here conclude my hymn to the banana tree, although I think I could add still many more features, for this tree, a blessed gift from God, combines the beautiful and the useful, charms the eye with its pleasant verdure, relieves the thirsty, feeds the hungry and supplies many other of man's wants.

**Brief Reflections and Quotations on the Role of the Religious Orders in the Church—Immense Territories Assigned to their Zeal in Africa.**

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In the introduction to his fine work "Les Moines d'Occident", the Count de Montalembert said:

"After living for twenty years in the excellent companionship of the Monks of former times, I, for my part, declare that it is there and, perhaps, there only, that I realized the school of true liberty, true courage and true dignity. In again dipping, often, after intervals and the painful trials of political life, into their acts and their writings, I owe it to these old saints to say, that I found in them another race, other hearts and other courage."

Then, after impressive reflections on the history that might be written of prayer: a history that would teach us how, when and wherefore the creature went about relating to God his miseries, his joys, fears and desires, he developed the thought, which is so true: that the religious orders protect humanity by penance and prayer, far more than is imagined, as they constitute in the proper sense of the words "the salt of the earth." On this head, he reproduced the touching words which Philippe-Auguste, sailing towards the Holy Land, uttered, with a centurion's faith, to reassure his sailors in the midst of a violent storm: "It is midnight—the hour when the community of Clairvaux arise to sing Matins. These holy monks never forget us. They are going to appease Christ; they are going to pray for us and their prayers will snatch us from danger."

And, as if to supply more light to strong minds and to the blind in good faith, he cited an analogous trait which is attributed to the great Emperor, Charles V, whom no one has ever dreamt of regarding as a weak mind.

But M. de Montalembert portrays for us the religious orders in a more striking role, because their action therein is visible. The monastic life has been always compared to a militia. "Come and see—said St. John Chrysostom,—come



and see the tents of these soldiers of Christ, come and see their order of battle. They fight every day, and every day they demolish and immolate the passions which besiege us."

Charlemagne, who knew what moral value, true courage, is, called the abbots of his empire "The Chivalry of the Church"; and the mild Saint of Assisium, notwithstanding his profound humility, fully aware that he was going to give great servants to the Church, termed his Monks "The Paladins of the Round Table." "In his youthful dreams, this son of a wool merchant had seen his father's shop filled with shields, spears and military harness of all kinds, a prophetic vision of the war which he was destined to wage on the enemy of the human race, and towards the end of his life, the stigmata of the Passion, of which he received the impress, appeared, in the eyes of his contemporaries, as the insignia and the armorial bearings of Christ, of whom he had constituted himself the valiant, the invincible champion."

"And as self-sacrifice is the principle of military courage and the reason of the prestige which attaches to the glory of arms more than to all other human glories; therefore, in the spiritual order, daily self-sacrifice by monastic obedience explains and justifies the profound esteem that the Church has always extended to the religious orders.

For its works of apostolate and civilization; for the never ending struggle against heresy; and to prevent the torch of the human sciences from being extinguished at certain epochs, the Church has always made use of these "unique" soldiers, who are hampered neither by the pursuit, nor the cares of prosperity, and who are recruited especially from the cloisters, and derive from the three vows of poverty, chastity and obedience that admirable, that superhuman force which explains their action down through the centuries.

And it is also upon them that it relies for the evangelization of Africa. Like a tender and generous mother, it has bequeathed to them in that accursed land wonderful domains, contemptible in the eyes of the world, but how rich in those of faith.

Thanks to self-sacrifice, to the love of God and of the

most forlorn of souls, what intense joys do not these domains give to their cultivators !

Happier than the successors of Alexander, these humble, ignored legates possess a heritage to which immortality was promised. And, to indicate the religious orders upon whom has devolved the evangelization of the dark continent, a few passages from a letter written by Cardinal Lavigerie in 1876 on the African Missions, which his apostolic zeal so ardently coveted, may be here cited :

“ While the Christian nations, with their fleets and their armies, were blockading the African coasts, the Church was developing her pacific legions there. The sons of St. Francis are in Tunis, Tripoli, Egypt and the country of the Gallas ; those of St. Vincent de Paul in Abyssinia ; the Fathers of the Holy Ghost and of the Sacred Heart of Mary, in Zanzibar, the Congo, Senegambia, the Senegal, wherever charity and heroic devotedness with which they have been inspired by their holy founder, may cause the name of Catholic to be blessed and loved ; the African Missions of Lyons ; on the murderous coasts of Guinea ; the Cape and Dahomey ; those of Verona, established by Mgr Comboni in the recently conquered provinces in Southern Egypt ; the Fathers of the Society of Jesus in Madagascar and Zambesi ; the Oblates of Mary in Natal ; the clergy of Ireland and England, in Cape Colony ; that of Portugal in Benguela ; that of Spain in Morocco ; that of France, in Algiers. We find no point of the three coasts bathed by the Mediterranean, the Atlantic Ocean and the Indian Ocean, free from this immense siege which the divine mercy seems to have prepared to put an end to the curse on the unhappy race of Cham, and, in the presence of all these signs, one can hardly doubt that we are witnessing one of those great events, whereby Providence changes the face of nations.

But if the shores of Africa are all occupied by the heralds of good tidings, this is not the case with the interior. On the contrary, it seems to obstinately shut its doors to them. Isolated travellers have tried to penetrate its mystery. Almost all of them have paid the bold attempt with their lives.

It is only within twenty years that the veil which has shrouded these unknown regions has been lifted by luckier or more intrepid explorers: Burton, Cameron, Speke, Nattigal, Schweinfurt and others. The names of Livingstone and of Stanley are on every tongue; I need not write them.

"Here a great practical difficulty arises. Where can a society of apostolic men be found commanding not only the membership, but the means necessary for so vast and perilous a mission? The Congregations already established in Africa have each immense regions to evangelize, and all their forces are absorbed by works already begun, or which daily call upon their zeal. This is the thought that has occurred to the humblest and the most recent of the Apostolic Societies of the African continent. I refer to the Society of the Missionaries of Algiers (The White Fathers).

"The Society of the Missionaries of Algiers originated some twelve years ago, in 1868. It was born as of itself, of the burdens imposed on us by the terrible famine of 1867. The clergy of the colony, reared in the thought that they would never be permitted to open up relations, even of simple charity, with the natives, had not learned their language; I therefore sought vainly among them for priests who could take charge of the direction of our Arab asylums and orphanages, and I regretted that I could not find a society of apostolic men to come to my aid. One day, that I was meditating on these circumstances, came to me the Superior of our High Seminary of Kouba, the respected Mr. Girard, he whom the Algerian clergy, formed wholly through his care, had nicknamed "the Eternal Father", on account of his venerable age and aspect. He also had been sighing since his arrival in the colony, some forty years previously, for the moment when the clergy, with all desirable prudence, could give their attention to the natives of Africa. It seemed to him that, in opening by the arms of Christian France the doors of this great continent, Providence had laid upon it the obligation of introducing into it truth and justice, that is, the Gospel of Our Lord. He knew that I shared his ideas and that it was solely with the hope of seeing them realized that I had abandoned a bishopric in France for a diocese of Missions. On that day, this venerable son of St-Vincent de Paul, worthy in all respects of such a father, entered my room with three pupils of his seminary, and said to me: "Here are young men who are coming to offer themselves to you for the African apostolate. With the grace of God, this will be the beginning of the work

which we have desired." I see him, still, bowing his white head, and asking me to accept and bless their devotedness. I offered all the objections possible, but in vain.

"It was thus very humbly that the work started. . . . I could not attend to it myself and yet, for a special vocation, I had to take them away from the High Seminary. Providence, however, supplied me with what I needed: a Jesuit and a priest of St. Sulpice, a son of Mr. Ollier." . . .

Thus ever, in the order of grace, are prepared and organized, in humility and obscurity, that divine militia, to whom immortal victories are promised. All times and all countries furnish numerous examples: a mere girl, Pauline Marie Jaricot, was the foundress of the work of the Propagation of the Faith: another, still poorer and more obscure, Jeanne Jugan, aided by an humble country parish priest, the Abbé Lepailleur, established the Community of Little Sisters of the Poor, which, in the five sections of the world secures to hundreds of thousands of old people, lodging, food, clothing, precious joys, and, that religious help which assures their entrance into Paradise. Even in Canada, it was a young girl, Miss Fitzback, who did not even know how to write, and who, in (1835) arriving in Quebec, from St. Valier to go into domestic service, founded in 1850, the Order of the Good Shepherd, "the lowly grain of mustard seed which has become a great tree" and whose numerous branches multiply the fruits of blessing not merely in Canada, but also in the United States.

It is therefore by Providential design that this immense patrimony not only of Northern Africa, but of the Sahara and Equatorial Africa, was entrusted to the White Fathers and the White Sisters, the last come among the apostolic orders, who nevertheless are bound to have a so well filled career! The task imposed upon them, evidently surpasses human power, but grace is sufficient to keep alive their zeal and devotedness. As we have already said, what is needed are Missionaries and pecuniary resources.

The geographical map prepared by Mr. Gustave Rinfret, Chief Draughtsman, of the Lands' Department at Quebec, with a rare artistic taste which is only equalled by his disinterestedness and amiability, will show the extent of the regions to be evangelized, and enable those who interest themselves in the good work to know exactly where the Missionaries are working, and the progress of their apostolic labors.

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Extract from a letter from Mr. C. J. Magnan, General Inspector of Schools of the Province of Quebec.

A very fine book to buy : "La Vie du Cardinal Lavigerie,"—"The Life of Cardinal Lavigerie."



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